

The Sketch

No. 1019.—Vol. LXXIX.

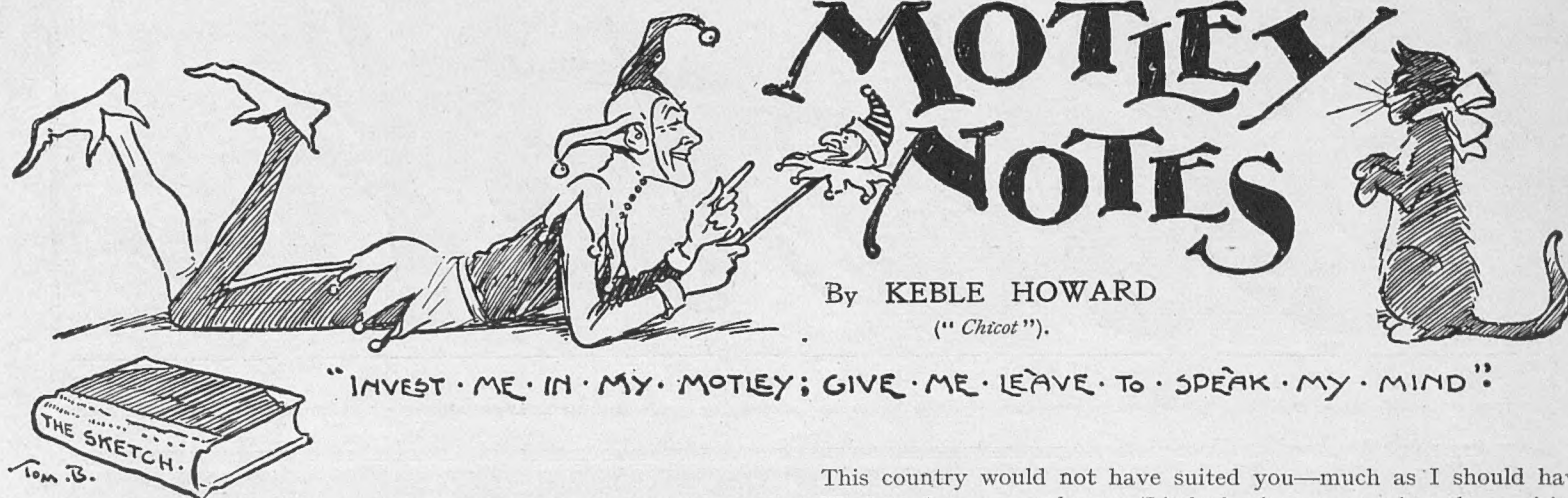
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1912.

SIXPENCE.



THE SOCIETY WEDDING OF THE MOMENT: THE MARQUESS OF ANGLESEY AND THE MARCHIONESS (FORMERLY LADY MARJORIE MANNERS), WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE ON AUG. 3.

The greatest interest was aroused early in July when the announcement was made of the engagement of Lady Marjorie Manners, eldest of the three beautiful Manners sisters, to the Marquess of Anglesey. Lady Marjorie was born in 1883, and with Lady Violet (now Lady Violet Charteris, wife of the Hon. Hugo Charteris, eldest son of Lord Elcho, heir of the Earl of Wemyss) and Lady Diana, has been an exceedingly familiar figure in the great world. Her father bears a title which dates from 1703. Her mother, whose marriage took place in 1892, was known before that as Miss Marion Margaret Violet Lindsay, daughter of Colonel the Hon. Charles Hugh Lindsay. Charles Henry Alexander Paget, sixth Marquess of Anglesey and a Baronet, was born in 1895, and succeeded to the title in 1905. He was educated at Eton and at Sandhurst, and is a Lieutenant in the reserve of officers. Last year he was elected Mayor of Burton-on-Trent. His seats are Beau Desert, Rugeley, Staffordshire, and Plas-Newydd, Llanfairpwll, Isle of Anglesey, while he has a town house at 18, Clifford Street, W.—[*Photograph by Topical*]



A New Health Resort.

Some little time ago, friend the reader, it came into my mind that the inhabitants of these isles were in urgent need of a new health resort. There are, I willingly admit, many, many beautiful places in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. The Channel Isles, the Isle of Man, and Lundy Island are all full of fascination. But we move very rapidly in these days. We travel far and see much during our holidays. Many of us have ransacked the United Kingdom. We are tired of Norway and Sweden. The thought of Normandy makes us yawn. We look upon Switzerland as hackneyed. Italy sounds hot, and Russia sounds expensive, and we are even a little tired of Margate.

It was for those initiated ones that I desired to discover a new health resort. I took down my atlas, therefore, and ran a ponderous and careful finger north, south, east, and west. Whither should a man go who wanted to get right back to Nature? The journey must be fairly short, for his time is limited. The country must be unexploited. The air must be bracing. There must be shooting and fishing. The inhabitants must be friendly.

Thus, at last, I found the very place. We have all known it by name since infancy. But how many of us have been there? And why have we not been there? Because we were frightened away by the name. It is a name to frighten anybody, but it is a deceptive name. The little island that bears it should be called "Sunland" at this time of the year.

Yes. The place that I found on the map was Iceland.

I Go to Iceland— By Proxy.

Having found Iceland on the map, my next care was to discover something about the climate and the conditions of life. After great difficulty, I secured a book, in English, on Iceland. From this book I learnt that Iceland might be reached by steamer in five or six days; that the fares were small; that living in Iceland was primitive, but inexpensive; that the island was unsurpassed for its shooting and fishing. In short, I made up my mind to visit Iceland this summer.

But, for reasons into which I need not enter, I had to abandon the plan. I could only look at the little island away up in those northern latitudes, and long. But stay! If I could not go to Iceland myself, I could at least find some adventurous spirit to take my place. The thought had hardly entered my mind when I ran into the very man. He is a dare-devil Irish-American, who has visited every corner of the earth, and done and seen everything that man may do and see. But he had not been to Iceland.

"Why not?" said I.

"Never struck me," said he.

"Will you?" said I.

"When?" said he.

"To-morrow," said I.

"Bet your life," said he.

And he went.

The Irishman's First Report.

His first report on Iceland is just to hand. It is written from Reykjavik—which, as you know, is the capital of Iceland—and reached me on the eighth day after posting. I need not tell you how delighted I was to get it, for the health and safety of my friend had been weighing on my conscience.

"I have just returned to Reykjavik," he writes, "after two months' pony travel and camping in Iceland's greasy mountains.

This country would not have suited you—much as I should have liked to have you along. (Little he knows my dauntless spirit!) The cold rains, morasses, and dangerous rivers, to say nothing of pathless and impossible travel, were not all violets—although many wild flowers dare to grow.

"You would have found volumes, of course, to write about. The shooting and fishing are too marvellous for words; the climate wondrous when it's very good, but when it ain't it's rotten. Sleeping in tents invites the breezes from the never-ending glaciers, but a flock of blankets warn them off before they bite.

"Four and five-pound trout often look up through the clearest lake waters and beg for bait. My health is simply too gorgeous for boasting without touching a forest of wood. The work is hard—riding sometimes fifty or sixty miles a day. The ponies are wonderful. They could live on second-hand hoopskirts and never tire; they can smell soft ground, a deep hole in a stream, a quicksand or morass—and one may lash chops out of their south-end without moving them over danger. . . . I've a lot of work yet to do. Write me here—quickly, or not at all, as I'm off to the mountains soon."

The Local Paper.

By the same mail arrived a copy of *Visir*, the local paper. On one margin of this amazing sheet, after some amusing comments on another Englishman who is visiting Iceland at the moment, my Commissioner has scribbled: "I'll read you the rest when I return. I'm just back to this capital after six weeks in mountains. Sport (fishing and shooting) best in the whole world. Had some awful storms. Some of our tents are still travelling. Lost one pony in a morass, but I got free and rattled out."

Visir consists of four small pages, and quite half the space is taken up with advertisements. Even Iceland, you see, is keeping pace with the march of humanity. The language is terrifying. The only word in the whole of the journal that I can read is "Liverpool." I have tried to find so simple a thing as the date and failed. You will admit, I think, that a man who sets out to traverse this country on the back of a pony, knowing little of the geography and nothing of the language, has his share of enterprise and courage. Great are the Irish, especially, perhaps, when they happen to have been born in Kentucky.

Good luck, old friend! Good hunting, good eating, good drinking, and a safe return!

Heroism in Surbiton.

"I am very sorry I did it. I took the machine as I wanted to see my young man when he came home from the manœuvres. I had no money to get to Portsmouth, so I took the bicycle and rode there."

Thus a certain young lady of Surbiton, in the Kingston-on-Thames Police Court. It seems that the bicycle was standing outside a shop at Kingston. Imagine the situation. In the first place, the Portsmouth Road winding away in the sunlight. At the Portsmouth end of it, the splendid young fellow; at Kingston (let us say), Fanny. Fanny must get to Portsmouth. It is imperative. She has no money, and she cannot, therefore, go by train. But she can ride a bicycle. True, she has no bicycle, but there stands the very thing. On jumped Fanny, and away to Portsmouth!

Frankly, I don't see much harm in that. I like Fanny all the better for what she did. So many girls would have said, "Yes, I know he's at Portsmouth, but I haven't got any money, so I can't go to Portsmouth, so I'll find another young man nearer home. After all, one young man is as good as another."

But he isn't! Is he, Fanny?

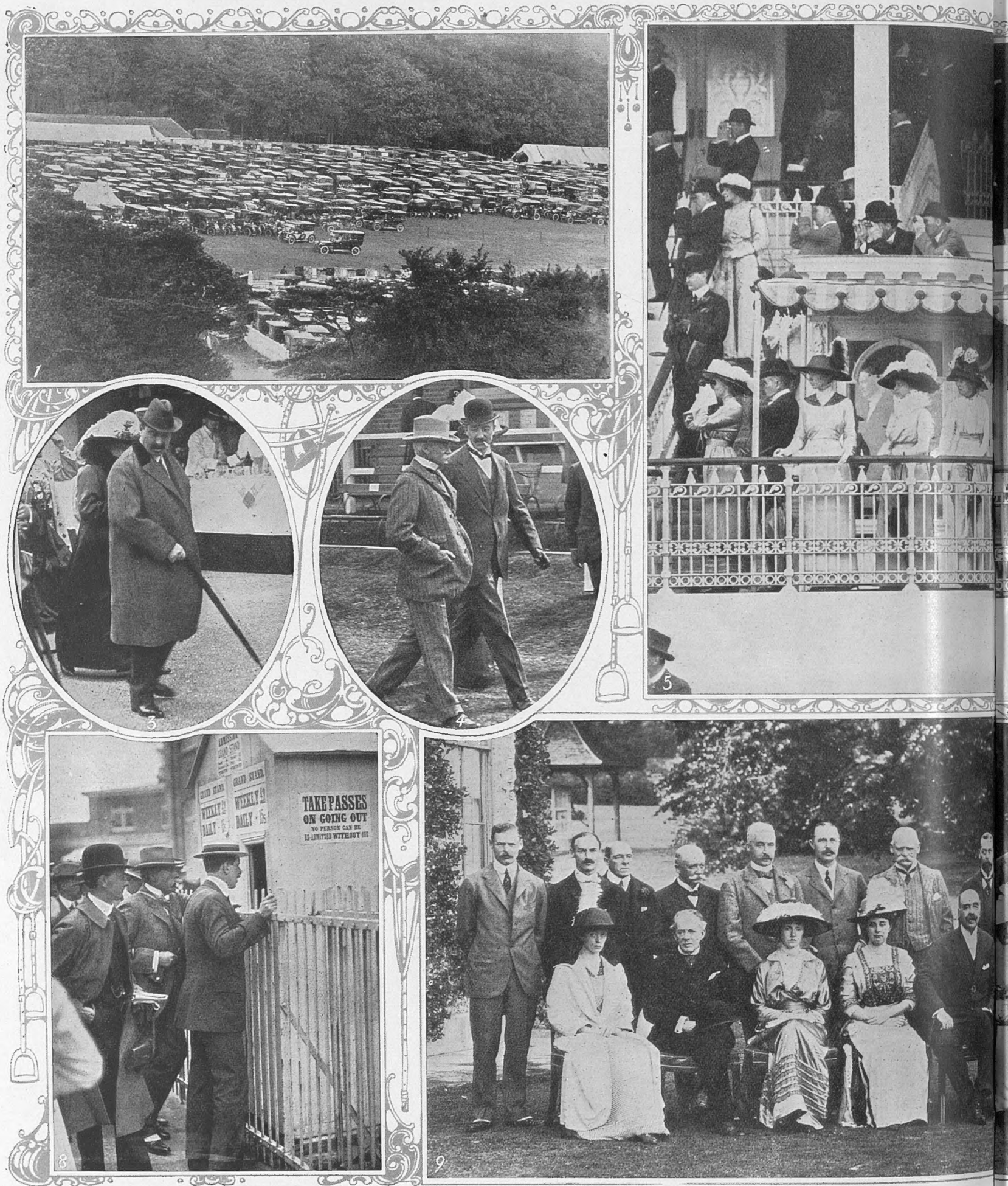
BLACK ON GREEN, PLAYER WHITE! A DUSKY KING AT GOLF.



ATTENDED BY A CADDIE IN THE UNIFORM OF HIS BODYGUARD: THE BOY KING DAUDI CHWA
OF UGANDA, GOLFING AT KAMPALA.

The young King Daudi Chwa of Uganda is a very keen golfer and plays regularly on the course at Kampala (otherwise Mengo). He drives a good ball, uses his irons well, and putts with a good deal of precision. Miss Decima Moore was playing on his links recently, and, as we noted last week, his dusky Majesty was so pleased with her enthusiastic interest in the royal and ancient game that he named a hole on the course after her—the Decima. Apropos of golf in Africa, Miss Moore told a good story to the "Daily Mail" the other day. "At Mombasa . . . I was called upon to pay ten shillings duty on my clubs by an Indian official, who insisted that they were agricultural implements." That official must have seen a fozzler ploughing the fairway! The green shown in the photograph is the highest of the course. The next is right down the valley beyond, a long drive. The scenery is very fine and commands a view of Lake Victoria, six miles away. The smaller photograph shows King Daudi Chwa seated in state.—[Photographs by Hattersley and A. V. Allen.]

THE END-OF-THE-SEASON RACE-MEETING WHICH

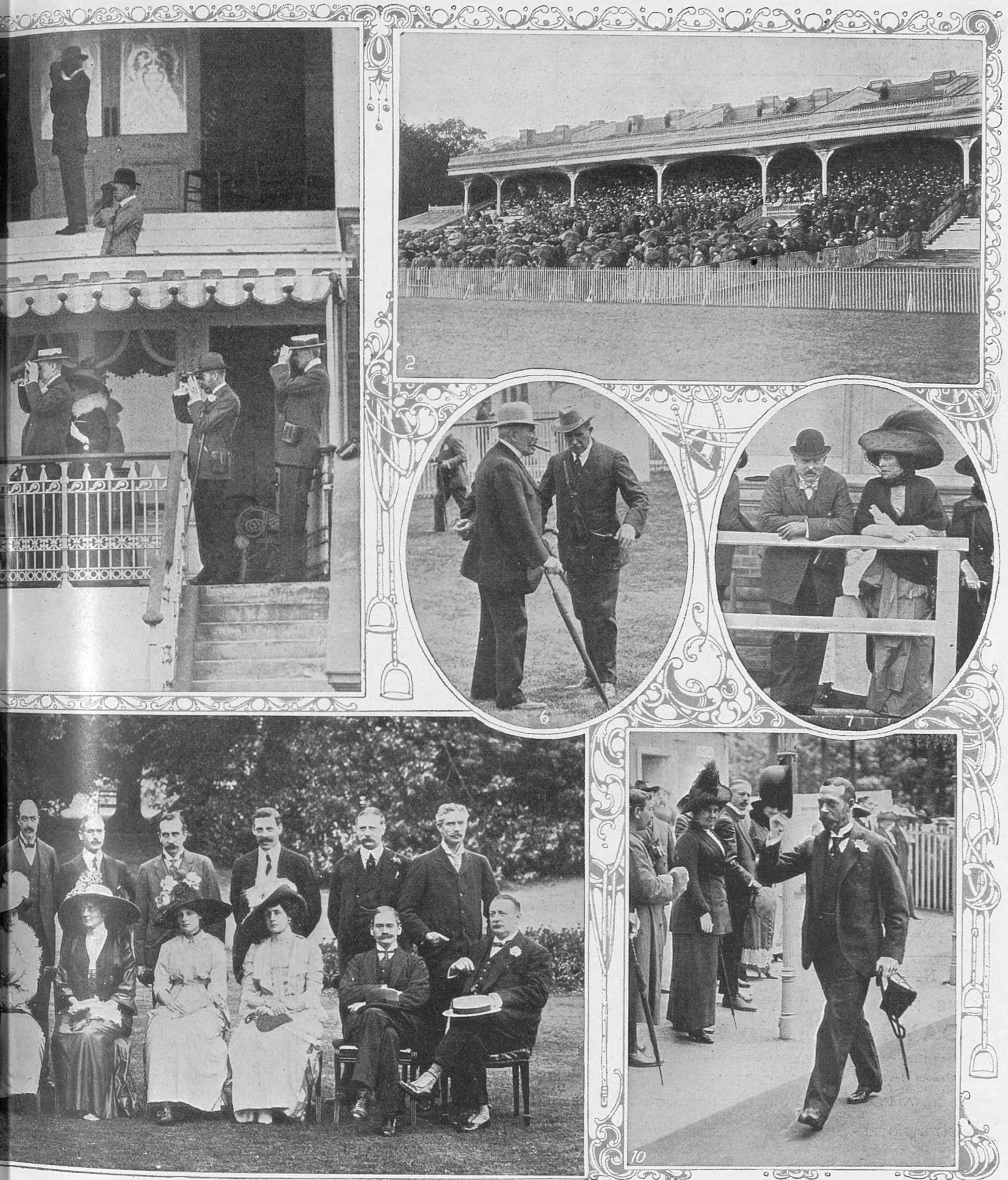


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2. AT GLOOMY GOODWOOD: UMBRELLAS MUCH IN EVIDENCE BY THE STANDS.

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4. THE KING'S HOST: THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON.
5. THE KING AT GLOOMY GOODWOOD: HIS MAJESTY WATCHING A FINISH.

"Glorious" Goodwood, which marks the close of the London season, tried most successfully to belie its name this year by being gloomy; for the weather was anything but fine. The King was the guest of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon for the meeting. In the photograph of the Goodwood house-party and the following (standing, from left to right): Lord Bernard Gordon-Lennox, Lord Esmé Gordon-Lennox, Mr. Arthur Coventry, General Sir Laurence Oliphant, and

ELIED ITS NAME: AT GLOOMY "GLORIOUS GOODWOOD."



9. FAMOUS IN THE RACING WORLD: MR. ROMER WILLIAMS. FORMERLY MISS LILY LANGTRY; LADY DE BATHE. A STEWARD OF THE JOCKEY CLUB: VISCOUNT VILLIERS.

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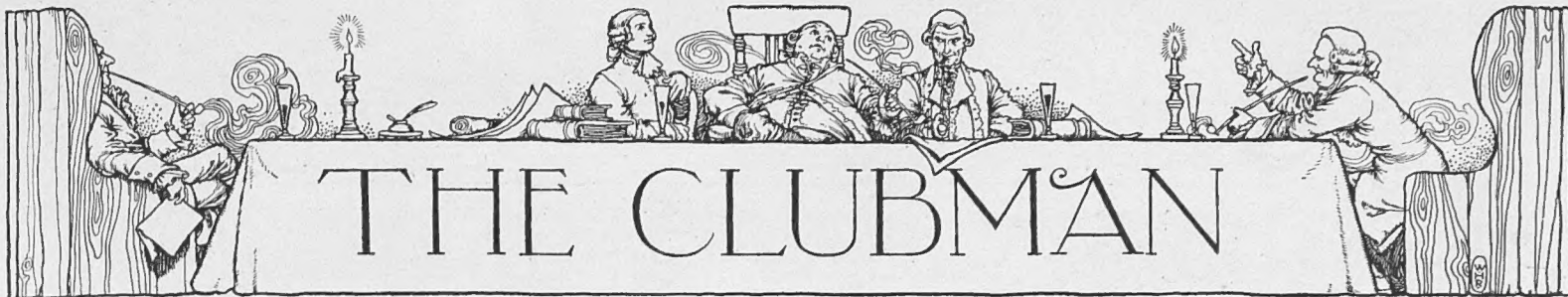
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BATH'S FUTURE: PLANS AND HOPES OF REVIVING PAST GLORIES: CAMBRIDGE AND THE KING.

A Revival of Bath. It should interest all good Englishmen, particularly all good Englishmen who suffer from that very British complaint, gout, that the Radium Development Syndicate should have made an offer to the Bath Corporation to erect a first-class establishment, and a new hotel, and in various other ways to freshen up the rather faded glories of the fine old city. Bath is by no means a decaying town, but it has always seemed to me that its very excellent Corporation have more consideration for the education of the citizens than for their amusement. There are excellent schools, I know, of all kinds in the city, and the art side of education is by no means neglected, but the balls and assemblies have somehow or another lost their cachet, and the Pump Room itself seems to be haunted by the ghosts of the great days of Beau Nash. I warrant that not one stranger out of a thousand who visits Bath ever looks for the old Assembly Rooms. I once searched the town for them and found them in possession of an auctioneer who held his weekly auctions there. Whether they ever now serve their old purpose I do not know.

What the Syndicate Proposes. The Royal Literary and Scientific Institution, which the Syndicate proposes to obtain by compulsory legislation, is no doubt what is generally known as the museum, a classical temple which, on its ground floor, contains relics of old Bath and mementos of its great people, but which always seems to me to slumber as peacefully as most other provincial museums do. In the gardens of the Institute I have listened to quite an excellent band, having paid, if I remember rightly, a humble but heavy copper coin for admission. It is a great gathering-place for the nursemaids and the children when there is music there, and the Syndicate will have very little to do to change it into an admirable pleasure. Bath has always been well found in hotels, and both the new hotel by the weir and many of the older ones in the higher town are exceedingly comfortable resting-places. I see amongst other proposals that of moving the weirs further down the river; but one of the pleasures to me of staying at the Empire Hotel has always been that I have been lulled to sleep by the tinkle of the water falling over the weir, and I trust that that pleasant sound will not disappear. I have been told often enough why the Royal Pump-Room Hotel, which adjoins the baths, an hotel which used to be famous for its good feeding, has remained closed now for so many years, but I am not certain enough of the facts to set them down here. I fancy, however, that the lessees of the hotel and the Corporation were not at one as to the bathing privileges to be enjoyed by visitors to that particular hotel. No doubt if the

Syndicate's offer is accepted by the Corporation a new and glorious Pump-Room Hotel will take the place of the old one. Orange Grove, which it is proposed to open up and improve, has a most sweet-scented title, but I fancy that it is really in the network of little streets which lie to the east of the Abbey. Most people only see the east side of the Abbey when they view it from the railway.

Why Bath Should Flourish.

That Bath is quite willing to follow a friendly lead in the matter of amusements was proved some years ago when a most popular citizen, who, I think, was for a time the mayor, took upon his shoulders for a while the mantle of Beau Nash, and acted as a volunteer Master of the Ceremonies. The dances resumed some of their old brilliance, the entertainments given by various hostesses were not allowed to clash, and the city obtained those benefits which come from an intelligent supervision of its amusements. There must be many budding Nashes at the present day in Somersetshire willing to take their share in the resurrection of the city of Bladud. Bath used to be a great provincial centre of the drama, and one of the "circuits" was named after the old town. Every celebrity of the drama in the old days, the Keans and the Kembles, have played in the old theatre tucked away near the Cathed-

dral, and it has always seemed to me a little sad to find that the people of Bath now go over to Bristol or run up to London to go to the theatre instead of patronising their own playhouse. Bath has advantages over its rivals in Great Britain, and over most of its rivals abroad, in that its bathing season is the winter season, and that it is at its best at the time when the establishments of nearly every other town in Europe are either closed or are running with a reduced personnel of doctors and attendants.

The King at Cambridge. If Oxford is able to boast that the Prince of Wales will go into residence there this autumn, Cambridge can retaliate by pointing to the fact that the King will stay in royal apartments at Trinity College for some days during the autumn manœuvres. He is to dine one or two evenings in the College hall. During the manœuvres in the Fen-land against an enemy who will probably land somewhere on the East Coast, Cambridge will be the handle of the mobile fan, the spokes of which will stretch out in all directions to find the enemy, and when he is found, to attack him. Cyclists and airmen

are to assist the cavalry in their reconnaissance work. As there is to be very little make-believe in these manœuvres, and as they are to be on quite a large scale, they will be extremely interesting to all soldiers—and the King is an exceedingly keen soldier as well as a keen sailor.



A WALKING WATERFALL: A FIREMAN IN A NEW GERMAN SAFETY-DRESS, CALLED THE WET UNIFORM.

This dress, the invention of a German, Herr König, is, of course, waterproof. It is claimed that the water-spraying device worn on the head, and fed by a pipe, makes it safe for the fireman to approach much closer to flames than is possible under more ordinary conditions.

Photograph by Transpus.



SUGGESTING A CROWD OF UMBRELLA-CARRIERS SEEN FROM ABOVE DURING A STORM: FOURTEEN THOUSAND TORTOISES, EMIGRANTS FROM ALGERIA TO LONDON GARDENS.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



"EVERYWOMAN"; WHAT WE SHALL SEE WHEN THE TIME COMES.

"Everywoman,"
at the Lane.

This autumn Drury Lane is not presenting the customary autumn melodrama, and, in fact, the typical Drury Lane play is to be put off until the spring. Instead, there is to be a modern morality play, called "Everywoman," which is not to be a modern version of the famous "Everyman," but a work on somewhat similar lines, presented in modern dresses, and dealing with a pilgrimage supposed to happen in our times. It represents the "Pilgrimage in Quest of Love," by Everywoman. The work has already enjoyed success in the States. It was produced at the Herald Square Theatre in the spring of 1911, and Miss Laura Nelson Hall had a triumph in the part of Everywoman: London playgoers will recollect a very clever performance by her as the good-natured *cocotte*—and something worse—in "The Easiest Way." The author was an Englishman named Walter Browne, who, after some excellent work in London, as actor and singer, emigrated to the States and died on the eve of production of the play, which is said to have been the great project of his life. It is announced that the dialogue is being re-written by Mr. Stephen Phillips, and, judging by some excerpts that I have read, some alteration was advisable. Also "Everywoman" is to make her pilgrimage in London and not in New York, Piccadilly, not Broadway, and naturally, therefore, an English company has been chosen.

"Everyman" and
"Everywoman."

"Everyman," as everybody knows, had a great success in London, partly because the work is beautiful in its simplicity, sincerity, naïveté, and genuine poetic force, and partly, too, on account of the beautiful performance by Miss Edith Wynne Matthison in the character of the pilgrim. It will be curious to see how far a modern writer can infuse into his work the note of intense sincerity and simplicity which ennobles "Everyman," just as it ennobles Bunyan's immortal "Pilgrim's Progress," of which, by-the-by, we have had versions on the stage—one at the Olympic, in 1896. In "Everyman" the Almighty sends Death as messenger to Everyman, bidding him take on a pilgrimage "which he in no wise may escape," and bring the reckoning of his life with him. And Everyman reluctantly sets out on his pilgrimage, for which he seeks companions; but "Fellowship," "Kindred," "Cousin," "Goods" (that is to say property), either will not or cannot accompany him. "Good Deeds" (his own

good acts) is at first too weak, but "Knowledge" and "Confession" help, and "Good Deeds" becomes strong enough for the task. A little later he is joined by "Beauty," "Strength," and "Five Wits" (or senses). All of them, however, abandon Everyman at the end, except "Good Deeds," with whose aid he is able to render a satisfactory account, and consequently he is received into Heaven.



AS SEEN IN AMERICA AND AS TO
BE SEEN AT DRURY LANE: MISS
PATRICIA COLLINGE AS YOUTH IN
"EVERYWOMAN."

The Story of
"Everywoman."

In "Everywoman," whilst the pilgrimage, in form at least, is terrestrial and the quest is of earthly love, there are certain general similarities to "Everyman." Despite the warnings of personified "Nobody" and of "Truth," the pilgrim is induced by "Flattery" to set out in search of King Love. She has for companions, "Youth," "Beauty," "Modesty," "Passion," "Wealth," and the tableaux—somewhat fantastically called "canticles"—show how, one by one, her comrades are torn from her or forsake her, so that Everywoman, in loneliness and desolation, actually seeks comfort and assistance from "Nobody." It is "Truth" who aids her—"Truth," who had warned her not to seek Love afar off, and finally takes her home, where she finds "Love" asleep on the hearth.

The Production.

As a first impression one might get the idea that "Everywoman" is a severe work, making its appeal only to those who take a sober, earnest view of life. In fact, no attempt is made to preserve the austere note. Songs, dances, gorgeous costumes, and music from the pen of a distinguished American composer will be employed to embellish the simple story. A lesson will be preached less terrifying than that



THE FIRST CANTICLE OF "EVERYWOMAN": EVERYWOMAN MOCKING TRUTH.

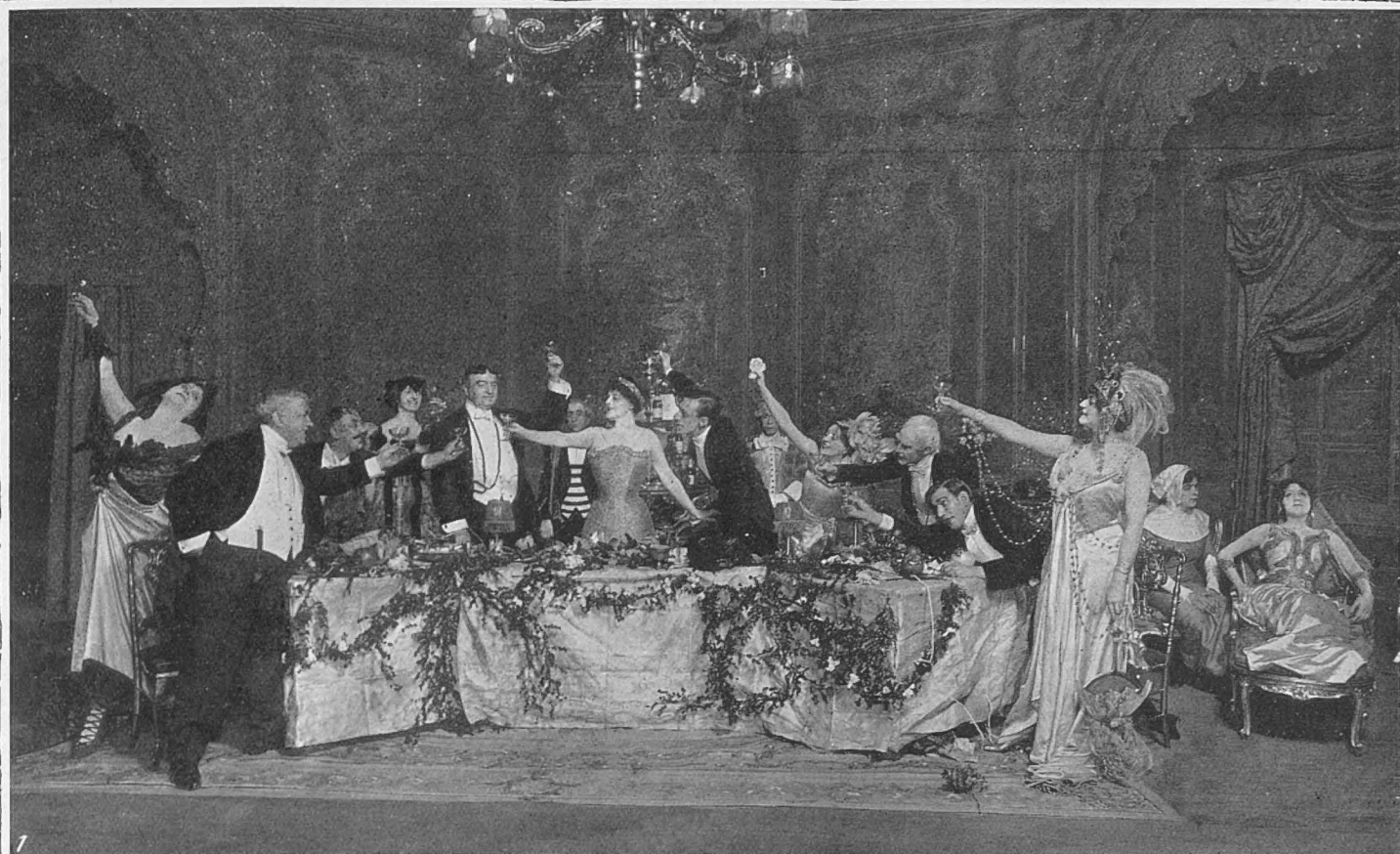
The characters seen (reading from left to right) are Truth, Nobody, Modesty, Everywoman, Beauty, and Youth.

Photographs by Thompson. (See opposite page.)

of popular players, amongst whom may be named Miss Vera Beringer and Miss Jessie Winter; and Messrs. Fred Leslie, Austin Melford, E. W. Royce, Howard Russell, and Ian Swanley.—E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

of the old morality play; perhaps one may say that essentially the piece is more of a fairy-tale with a moral than a religious drama, and, it may be, none the less welcome on that account. Of course, a strong cast has been engaged. For instance, Miss Alexandra Carlisle is to take the name-part, whilst the somewhat portentous and puzzling "Nobody" will be represented by Mr. H. B. Irving, and his task is one of great importance to the work. Miss Kate Rorke will play "Truth," and for "Beauty" we are to have Miss Gladys Cooper, whose claims no one will dispute; whilst the other characters will be taken by a collec-

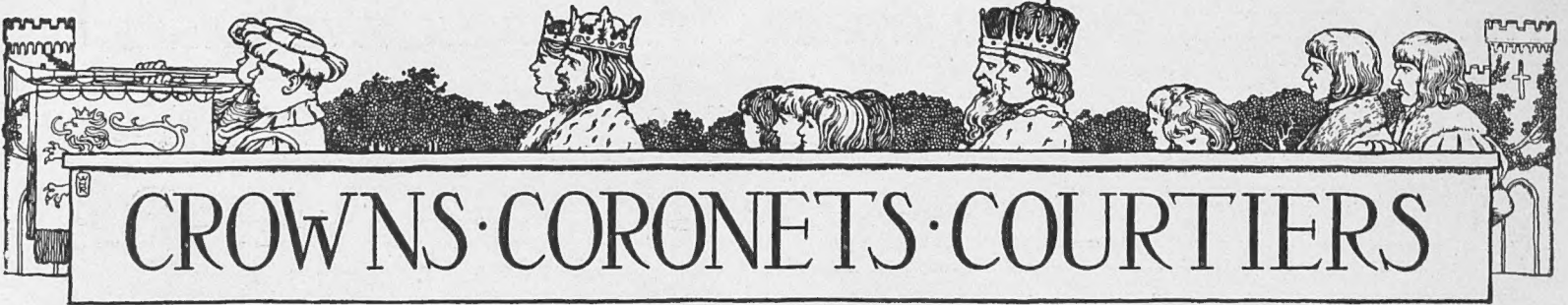
THE MORALITY OF "EVERYWOMAN": LOVE IN FIVE CANTICLES.



1. DURING ONE OF THE FIVE CANTICLES OF THE MODERN MORALITY TO BE PRESENTED AT DRURY LANE IN THE AUTUMN:
THE BANQUET SCENE OF "EVERYWOMAN."

2. IN THE CITY TO WHICH FLATTERY SENDS EVERYWOMAN IN SEARCH OF LOVE: NEW YEAR'S NIGHT ON BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The modern morality play, "Everywoman," originally produced in the United States last year, is to be presented at Drury Lane in the autumn, with Mr. H. B. Irving in the chief part of Nobody. Amongst the characters are Conscience, Beauty, Youth, Everywoman, Modesty, Wealth, Puff, Bluff, Stuff, Witless, Greed, and Self. The play, which is in five canticles (or acts), is by Mr. Walter Browne, who died on the night of its first presentation. Dealing with it, the "Theatre Magazine" said at the time: "The principal characters are Nobody, a sort of detached protagonist and Greek chorus combined in one solitary figure of commanding stature; Everywoman, a comely young person, who leaves her home in quest of love; Youth, Beauty, and Modesty, her companions, who remain with her until she loses all of them; Flattery, who urges her to seek Love in New York; Truth, disguised as a Witch, who tells her she will find Love only at home; Love, Passion, Time, Wealth, &c."—[Photographs by Thompson.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER



TO MARRY MISS DOROTHY MEWBURN TO-DAY, AUG. 7: CAPTAIN IVOR WATSON.

Captain Watson, of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, is the son of Colonel Watson, late of the 11th Hussars.

Photograph by Mayall.

perhaps, the cap will be sent flying, and its owner go vainly seeking for a hatter who is mad.

Heads and Hats.

Conspicuous non-conformists in the matter of hatting there have always been besides Sir Edward Durning Lawrence and Mr. Shaw. Lord Ribblesdale is as careful of his brims as he is of his mounts, and Lord Rosebery and the Duke of Rutland have agreed to differ from the great majority. In the House of Commons, too, are many rebels, although there the hat, taking its place as it does in the procedure and assisting in the government of the country, is not a thing to play with. Nor does Mr. Speaker smile upon the unconventional. His prepossessions are exemplified by his kinsman, Mr. Claude Lowther, the most immaculate-looking of members, rather than by Mr. Keir Hardie. The Commons will never be responsible for any really drastic change in the national costume. The Lords are bolder. It was Lord Kinaird who advocated a general change in the morning-coats of Christendom. The pockets, he demanded, should be large enough to carry Bibles.

Home-Cured— and Otherwise.

The Kaiser is suspected of having a lively horror of people who repeat in Germany all the nice things he says in England about England. His is the quick tongue that gallops into a compliment without a thought of consequences. Other members of his family have the same amiable habit, but their superlative praises of things outside Germany provoke less patriotic resentment. When the Crown Prince declares that the pleasantest time of his life was spent at an English country house, the castles on the Rhine are unmoved, knowing that the Prince, when he has tested the Yorkshire moors and

other alien pleasures, must inevitably return to them. The Kaiserin's affection for England, however, is really significant. The things she said of Felixstowe, where she spent "the happiest holiday of her life" in 1891, should paint that town red with pride, and her present intention of shortly taking a "rest cure" in this country will do much to draw the attention of foreigners from their own home-cures.

Historical Horseplay.

the old story of the family title. There is nothing so hard to kill as

On the succession of a new Lord Ferrers is revived the old story of the family title. There is nothing so hard to kill as a genealogical myth, and we read again that Ferrer, or Ferrier, is the same in origin as farrier, and that an ancestor of the new Earl acted as blacksmith-in-chief to William the Conqueror. Mr. Horace Round has trounced the tellers of that tale along with the "genealogists" who relate that the Bertie family came from Bertieland in Prussia "in company of the Saxons," and who repeat the everlasting Grosvenor myth of Hugh Lupus, uncle of the imaginary Gilbert, "le gros veneur." The present Lord Ferrers, described only as "a professional man" in the announcements of his succession, should make haste to deposit the record of his distinguished career with the College of Arms, or he, in future ages of lax historians, will be accredited with the shoeing of all King George's horses.

Lights o' London.

Pavlova, Nijinsky, and Karsavina have been the common, or garden-party, names of the season, Tcherepnin's the familiar music, and Bakst's the fashionable garb. But for the presence of Colonial cricketers with reasonable and homely names, London would have been given over entirely to a schooling in sounds that hesitate between sneezes and a bark. When Mrs. Alec Tweedie gives a luncheon, the Countess Lovatelli and Mme. Gennadius converse with a typically British writer, Miss Mary—not Smith—but Corelli; and the other night at the Ritz, which is somewhere near the centre of the Empire, Mrs. Peter Ralli, was the hostess who attracted Society in bulk, and prominent among her guests were Mrs. Zarifi, Lady Ralli, and Mrs. Stephen Schilizzi—all confirmed Londoners. A list of the season's hostesses with alien names would have no end. Is it because "Mrs." has grown to be as cosmopolitan a title as "Madame" that one Englishwoman insists upon her friends calling her Dame Walter Crane? But for that reason the lady herself might be asked.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN IVOR WATSON TO-DAY, AUG. 7: MISS DOROTHY MEWBURN.

Miss Mewburn is the only daughter of Mr. William Richmond Mewburn, J.P., of Evelyn Mansions, Westminster.

Photograph by Esme Collings.



MUCH INTERESTED IN THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL GATHERING OF BELIEVERS IN THE "BABY SCIENCE": MRS. GOTTO, HONORARY SECRETARY OF THE EUGENICS CONGRESS.

Mrs. Gotto did splendid work in connection with the first International Congress devoted to the discussion of Eugenics, that sociological study so aptly described by Major Leonard Darwin as a "baby science."—[Photograph by Dover Street Studios.]



ENGAGED TO MR. RUPERT MURRAY, OF THE SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS: MISS IVY DERING.

Miss Dering is the eldest of the three daughters of Sir Henry Dering, the tenth Baronet, of a creation dating from 1626; and was born in 1893. Her father was formerly in the Scots Guards.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



ENGAGED TO MR. KENRICK IRVING: MISS ERMINIE DARLÔT, OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

Miss Darlôt is the only daughter of the late Mr. Henry Darlôt, of Perth, Western Australia. Mr. Irving is the younger son of the late Dr. Martin Irving and of Mrs. Irving, of Albury, Surrey.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

ENOUGH TO SATISFY XERXES: FASHIONABLE DEAUVILLE.



1. WHERE LOVERS OF HORSE-FLESH MUCH DO CONGREGATE: TATTERSALL'S, DEAUVILLE.

2. AT A RACE-MEETING COMPARED WITH GOODWOOD: THE ENCLOSURE AND STANDS.

3. AT DEAUVILLE THE FASHIONABLE: A TYPICAL VILLA.

4. AN IDYLIC SPOT: THE GARDEN OF THE VILLA LOUISIANNE.

5. AT DEAUVILLE THE FASHIONABLE: A TYPICAL VILLA.

6. ONE OF THE LATEST ADDITIONS TO DEAUVILLE'S MANY ATTRACTIONS: THE NEW CASINO.

7. SPORT AT DEAUVILLE: THE NEW LAWN-TENNIS COURTS AND PAVILION.

8. BY THE SIDE OF THE SEA: ON THE SANDS.

9. IN THE HARBOUR: YACHTS AT ANCHOR.

Deauville, that most fashionable seaside resort near Havre, would, no doubt, have satisfied even Xerxes, who offered a reward to anyone who could invent a new pleasure: for it is full of attractions suited to all joyous moods and to all ages. The great feature of the season is the race-meeting, which is compared with Goodwood. The Grand Prix (£4000) is to be run on Aug. 18. In addition, there are golf, polo, lawn-tennis, and pigeon-shooting. The bathing is perfect, and every morning it is a wonderful scene on the sands, where the very latest fashions in costumes are worn by the bathers and those who go to see the bathing. This season has been made exceptionally brilliant by the opening of the new Casino and the Normandy Hotel, each unique in its way, which have become the fashionable rendezvous of the residents and visitors to this part of the north coast of France.



By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

NEAR Brighton someone has caught a roach with two distinct mouths. Why is the Town Clerk not instructed to give artistic verisimilitude to a bald and unconvincing narrative? Make it a pike, and the thing is done.

Professional footballers are held by the judges to be manual labourers under the Act. This leaves the Rugger men cold, but the Soccer players are wondering which it is safer to run up against—the Act or the Referee.

There is nothing new in the *Academy's* remark that the modern poet is a good trencherman. It is recorded of an eighteenth-century poet that his appetite was "so fierce, and indulged with such intensesness, that, while in the act of eating, the veins of the forehead swelled." Then, as now, the poet made the most of his chances.



In order to lend fresh point to the time-worn judicial jape, "This court is not a theatre," Guildford is going to build a theatre next door to the new Assize Court. There will be a Marathon race among the judges for the honour of getting this joke in first.

Alcohol, said a doctor at a Clerkenwell inquest, thickens the skull. How marvellous are the provisions of Nature! It is just the man whose tendency is to "ave another" who needs an armour-plated skull, with the pavement so frequently getting up and hitting him on the back of the head.

THE DUSTMAN BOLD.

(Contrary to what most people imagine, the dustman's life is a very healthy one. He lives long, and seldom or never suffers from illness.)

Oh, the Dustman's life is a joyous life, Gallant and gay and free, Eugenists grant he may take a wife, For a healthy man is he.	He sings on his round with a simple joy, Which is foreign to you and me, For his clothes are the very best corduroy, And his hat's like a pugaree!
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Sing ha! sing ho! for the Dustman bold,
The pride of the L.C.C.,
He never goes sick, and he never grows old,
For a first-class life is he!

The Dustman tips with a conscious pride
The bin o'er his teeming cart,
Though weaker nostrils may turn aside

From its odours sour and tart.
The Dustman suffers no human ills,
No troubles of lung or heart,
He licks no stamps for the doctor's pills,

For his is a life apart!
Sing ha! sing ho! for the Dustman bold,
The pride of the U.D.C.,
He never goes sick, and he never grows old,
For a first-class life is he!

Dr. Maedar, of Zurich, jeers at us because the full, round, Rubens type of woman is rarely seen in England. Thank Heaven! It is only necessary to go into a German beer-garden to see both cause and effect of this type of "beauty" at the same table.

Faddists who have been howling that the cult of athletics is overdone at the Public Schools and Universities, and in England generally, are singularly silent in the discussions which have been going on about the Olympic Games at Stockholm. But, after all, they have got four years before them in which to organise another success at Berlin.

Anglo-Indians are complaining that in the whole of India there is not one single public memorial to Lord Clive, without whom there would be no Indian Empire at all. Perhaps the authorities think that, as Clive did so much for the country, they will let him off a statue.



PA'S HOLIDAYS.

(It is a very lamentable thing that, just as his family are about to go off and enjoy themselves at the seaside, the overworked father usually finds himself absolutely obliged to go abroad on important business.)

The holidays have come at last,
The peaceful office days are past,
And box and bag are thrown broadcast,
With Ma engaged in packing 'em;
The suburb positively reels
With liberated children's squeals,
Till Pa, in desperation, feels
Quite justified in smacking 'em.

But everyone is seaward bent,
And boys, whose pocket money's spent,
Must go without, or rest content

With getting what they can o' Ma;
For, while they're playing by the sea,
Poor Pa has been obliged to flee
On urgent business to Paree,
In flannels and a panama!

Our dear old friend the Sea-serpent has not turned up yet, but someone at Dover has caught a lobster weighing ten pounds. On which toe did he catch it?

Hurrah! At last the experts are going to do something for us, besides talk. They are going to standardise the common or sideboard hen. Now we may hope to get the cold chicken with four wings, which has been the unattainable ideal of every caterer for the last hundred years.

For the future, imitation ivory will be made of compressed sour milk chemically treated. The best, and the most like the real thing, will, of course, be made of elephants' milk.

Girl messengers are said to perform their duties better than the boys because they do not play leap-frog. The credit of this is not due to them, but to their petticoats. The great question is, can they pass a frilly-willy shop?



M. Danton, of Paris, has discovered that the fattest and plumpest oysters are always female, while the lean and ill-nourished are males. Alas, my brothers! Is it not always the story of the Fat Lady and the Skeleton Dude?

PEOPLE WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO.



MR. WALTER K. SHIRLEY—FOR JUMPING FROM THE STATE OF ARCHITECT TO THAT OF EARL FERRERS.

Photograph by Beresford.



MISS ROSE MACAULAY—FOR WINNING MESSRS. HODDER AND STOUGHTON'S £1000 WITH HER NOVEL "THE LEE SHORE."

Photograph by Gyde.



MR. R. C. LEHMANN—FOR CLASSING CERTAIN ATHLETES OF ANOTHER COUNTRY AS "PROFESSIONAL SLAVES."

Photograph by Moyse and Lakes.



RICHARD ARNST AND ERNEST BARRY—FOR ROWING AN EXCELLENT WORLD'S-CHAMPIONSHIP SCULLING RACE AND SHAKING HANDS AFTER THE FINISH.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.



ERNEST BARRY—FOR GIVING 'ENGLAND A PROFESSIONAL SCULLING CHAMPION OF THE WORLD AFTER THIRTY-SIX YEARS, AND KISSING HIS FATHER.

Photograph by G.P.U.



LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON—FOR HIS SHARE IN THE LETTER ON OUR ANTIQUITIES AND "UNABASHED PROFIT-HUNTING."

Photograph by Hoppe.



LORD DESBOROUGH—FOR SUGGESTING THAT £5000 A YEAR SHOULD BE SPENT ON TRAINING BRITISH ATHLETES FOR OLYMPIC GAMES.

Photograph by Swaine.

The late Earl Ferrers, who was a childless widower, is succeeded by his cousin, Mr. Walter K. Shirley, well known as an architect. The Shirleys claim descent from a subject of Edward the Confessor. Our portrait of the new Earl is the only one available: his Lordship now has a beard.—Miss Macaulay has won the £1000 offered by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton for the best novel submitted to them. She is the daughter of Mr. G. C. Macaulay, lecturer in English at Cambridge since 1905.—Mr. Lehmann said the other day that in the recent Olympic Games our track athletes had not done so well as those who were trained on a peculiar system by another country, and that to do thoroughly well in those conditions they would have to make professional slaves of the boys or men who took part.—In a letter to the "Times" the other day Lord Curzon of Kedleston and Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox pointed out how the prices of the country's antiquities are apt to rise under "bogey" scares of sale and "how rapacious are the instincts which will tear out panelling and mantelpieces from their ancient surroundings in order to make a dealer's profit out of what should be a nation's glory."—Lord Desborough said to the "Daily Mail" the other day: "If we are to organise properly [for the Olympic Games of 1916, at Berlin] we shall need . . . at least £5000 a year, and a larger sum in the last year."



SMALL TALK

GOODWOOD HOUSE is in more than one sense behind the Goodwood Races. The Duke of Richmond not only backs horses—he backs, so to speak, the whole glorious week. He himself is the last person to tolerate the idea that it is a one-man show, but King George, on his first attendance since his Accession, had some very pertinent compliments for his host. The party assembled to meet his Majesty was sufficiently clannish to illustrate the smallness of the world—even of the world of sport. The Earl and Countess of Cadogan, the Earl of Durham, and a whole bevy of the "lucky Lambtons" were all related one to another. They made the bulk of the gathering; while Sir John and Lady Evelyn Cotterell, Lord Esmé Gordon-Lennox, Mr. Leonard Brassey, and one or two others, were more or less directly connected with the House itself. Indeed, the Marquis de Soveral was one of the few guests who could, off the reel, be ruled out of any family reckoning.



ARRIVING AT COWES FOR THE REGATTA WEEK: COLONEL COURTENAY MORGAN, OWNER OF THE SCHOONER "SYLVANA" (LEFT); AND SIR HERCULES LANGRISHE, OWNER OF THE CUTTER "BLUE-BIRD" (RIGHT).

Sir Hercules Langrishe, the fifth Baronet, was formerly in the 3rd Battalion Oxfordshire L. I., from which he retired as Hon. Major, and is a Captain of the Army Motor Reserve. Lady Langrishe is a daughter of the late Right Hon. Fitzwilliam Hume-Dick, P.C., of Humewood, County Wicklow.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

paid for the Essendon estate as his ancestor for a few minutes' work in 1768, he will not grumble. The mementos of the momentous episode, including a portrait of Catherine Empress of Russia, set in diamonds, have long been kept at Essendon Place, but Lord Dimsdale prefers another residence, and in October, if not before, the fine Georgian house will pass from his hands. The payment made to the first Lord Dimsdale for inoculating Catherine and her son was of several kinds: £10,000 down, an annuity of £500, £2000 for expenses, besides trophies in diamonds, and the barony of Dimsdale, do not complete the list. But if the inoculation had not been successful, Catherine, it was thought, would have ordered her executioner to perform an operation of a graver nature. At any rate, precautions were taken to enable the English doctor to leave Russia in a hurry. Catherine is not the only Empress accused of having terrorised the medical profession. The Empress Frederick was long supposed to have



OWNER OF THE WELL-KNOWN YAWL "LAVEROCK": MR. C. T. BRUCE.

Photograph by Sport and General.



COMMODORE OF THE ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB: MR. THEODORE PYM.

Photograph by Barratt.



VICE-COMMODORE OF THE ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB: MR. ALMERIC PAGET, M.P.

Photograph by Barratt.



OWNER OF THE KETCH "VALDORA": SIR WILLIAM PORTAL, Bt., OF LAVERSTOKE.

Photograph by Sport and General.

The Moorish Invasion.

Lord and Lady Linlithgow, skipping Goodwood and Cowes, travelled north to Hopetoun House in good time to prepare for a series of shoots. There have been many other cases of almost furtive escapes from the South before the leashes of the season were properly untied. Lord and Lady Dalkeith, who are to entertain the Duke of Buccleuch, in Dumfriesshire, are early on the Great North Road. Many important "lets" have been arranged, among them that of Achnashellach to the Duchess of Marlborough. Sir Victor Mackenzie, who returns from Egypt keen for the joys of the 12th, will be at Brackley, Glenmuick being once more taken by Sir Sigismund and Lady Neumann. Prince Arthur of Connaught again carries his gun to Wemmergill, where Mrs. Charles Hunter, another Goodwood truant, will entertain a large party in his honour.

The Flitting of Lord Dimsdale. If Lord Dimsdale, the latest Peer to succumb to the epidemic of selling, is as well

interfered just before an operation on Frederick, and her manner of tearing the instruments from the hands of the surgeon and of thrusting him out of the door has often been confidently described. That there is no truth in the story has lately been testified by the surgeon himself. The trouble of medically attending royalty

is more often of another sort. Sir William Broadbent has described his endless detentions at Osborne after the death of the Duke of Clarence. Coming from his vigils at Sandringham, he had to stand at Queen Victoria's chair for an-hour-and-a-quarter, telling his story. "Then I was told that Princess Christian wanted to see me. . . . I could hardly crawl upstairs." But royal fees offer good compensation, although Sir William Gull's £10,000 from the late King was once exactly doubled by an uncrowned monarch of Chicago. Is it part of the degeneracy of the age that a Chancellor of the Exchequer rather than a Royalty now seeks to place the medico at his mercy?



ABOARD A LAUNCH AT COWES: THE MARQUESS OF ORMONDE, CAPTAIN HUNLOKE, AND LORD REDESDALE.

Those named are sitting at the back and are noted from the left to the right. Lord Ormonde is the Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

CELEBRITIES OF COWES: LEADERS IN THE YACHTING WORLD.



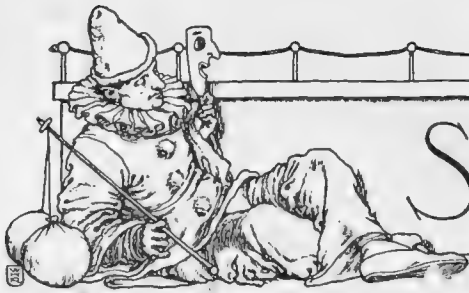
1. THE OWNER OF "CORRENZIA": MRS. HENRY DES VŒUX.
4. TO HAVE A SUCCESSION OF HOUSE-PARTIES AT EAST COWES CASTLE: ELEANOR LADY GORT.
7. WELL KNOWN AT COWES: MRS. R. CHARTERIS.

2. OF THE YAWL "NEVADA": MRS. CYRIL POTTER.
5. ENTERTAINING AT SOLENT LODGE FOR COWES WEEK: LORD AND LADY ORMONDE.
8. OF THE YACHT "BRANWEN": MRS. ALWYN FOSTER.

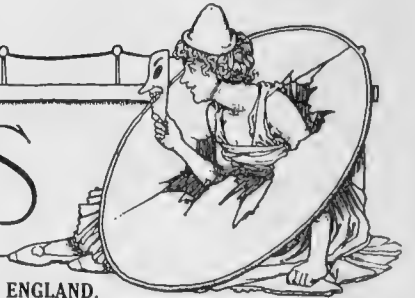
3. WIFE OF SIR SIMON MACDONALD LOCKHART, BT.: LADY LOCKHART.
6. DAUGHTER OF MR. T. GIBSON BOWLES, OF THE "HOYDEN": THE HON. MRS. MITFORD.
9. OF THE "MIRAGE": LADY CONSTANCE BUTLER.

It was arranged that the King and Queen should join his Majesty's yacht on Saturday last for Cowes week, which opened on Monday, Bank-holiday. Many well-known people arrived at the Mecca of British yachtsmen—and yachswomen—during last week, and preparations for the Regatta were in full swing, both ashore and afloat.

Photographs by Kirk and Thomson.



STAR TURNS



MISS FLORENCE SMITHSON—THE SINGER WITH THE HIGHEST TOP-NOTE IN ENGLAND.

"I THINK you sing most beautifully!" It was Madame Adelina Patti, the acknowledged Queen of Song the world over, who paid that tribute to Miss Florence Smithson. The young artist was on the stage of the Shaftesbury Theatre, playing in "The Arcadians." Madame Patti was in a box. She was so moved by Miss Smithson's art and voice that she took out a letter, tore a piece off it, wrote the words, signed them, and threw the paper on the stage. It is no wonder that Miss Smithson has had the paper framed to preserve it, for it is at once a tribute and a compliment which must always remain one of the most precious in her career.



CHIEF DANCER, WITH M. KOSLOFF, IN "SCHEHERAZADE," AT THE COLISEUM: MME. SCHMOLZ.

Mme. Schmolz comes to this country from the Imperial Theatre, Warsaw. Last year she was with Mme. Pavlova and M. Mordkin, at the Palace, where she was first soloist. Later she accompanied M. Mordkin to the United States, as première danseuse. She met with special success at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York.

Photograph by Murrmann Studio.

she played such parts as were suited to her diminutive size, parts like Cupid in "Dick Whittington," and the Old Man of the Sea in "Sindbad," etc.

Operatic music always fascinated Miss Smithson, and she was constantly practising the great arias of the favourite works. One day, as she sat singing at the piano in the drawing-room, Signor Galeffi, the proprietor of an opera company which was playing in the town, happened to pass down the street. He stopped to listen. Then he knocked at the door and asked if he might go in to hear the singer quite close. He played several songs for Miss Smithson to sing, and, before he left, begged her father to allow her to join his company. It was in that way she became a member of the Galeffi Opera Company, numbering some sixty artists. At first, she was in the chorus, but at the end of a fortnight, the prima-donna, who was singing Marguerite, fell ill suddenly, and Miss Smithson was asked to take up the part that evening. The prima-donna, was a large, stout woman; Miss Smithson was a slip of a girl of sixteen. The prima-donna's dresses were absurd, but by dint of pinning them up here and lapping them over there, they were made to do. Although Miss Smithson knew the music thoroughly, she was by no means certain of the words, so she sang as many of them as she knew, and sang "la, la," for those she did not. She "la-la'd" more than anything else that night!

A few days later, she was given Aline in "The Bohemian Girl," and told she would have to sing it the next night. As she is a remarkably quick study, she did it perfectly. Eventually, she sang the principal parts in twenty-one operas, including "Il Trovatore,"

"The Daughter of the Regiment," "Carmen," "Satanella," "Lohengrin," "Ninon," "Maritana," and "Tannhäuser," in which she sang both Venus and Elizabeth.

One of her most amusing experiences in the company happened one evening when the tenor refused to go on in "The Bohemian Girl" because his salary had not been paid. In order to keep the theatre open, Miss Smithson offered to take his place as Thaddeus. He was a short, fat man, and Miss Smithson has often laughed since at the ludicrous attempts she made to get his costume to fit her. Although she managed to pin on his clothes so that they did not drop off, the boots conquered her, and for that night Thaddeus wore Miss Smithson's own high-heeled shoes!

While she was singing in "The Daughter of the Regiment" one evening, Mr. Robert Courtneidge happened to be in the theatre. He was so struck with her voice that, at the end of the performance, he went behind the scenes to her room with a contract and asked her to sign it there and then. She did. That was nine years ago, and she has been with him ever since. For three years she sang in "The Blue Moon" on tour, and subsequently in that opera when it was on at the Lyric. For a while, she was lent to Mr. George Edwardes, with whom she appeared as Nanoya in "The Cingalee," at Daly's, and afterwards in the provinces for five tours. After that came "The Dairymaids" in London, Sophia in "Tom Jones," in the provinces, and then "The Arcadians." During the run of over two years of that extraordinarily successful musical comedy, Miss Smithson had a curious experience. She received a letter in which the writer asked how she dared swindle the public by pretending to take the extraordinary top-notes she did. She was amazed at the statement—as well she might be—and wrote to ask in what way she was swindling the public. Her correspondent replied that he knew the notes were played on the flute. "Come to my dressing-room then, and I'll sing the notes for you at the piano and prove that they're not played on the flute," she wrote back.

That invitation, however, the incredulous one did not see his way to accept: Miss Smithson is having "The Daughter of the Regiment" "boiled down" for her use in the variety theatres, and in that she will, in due time, make her reappearance.

Meantime, of course, she has been singing all sorts of songs from her repertoire. A short time ago, while appearing at the Manchester Hippodrome, she had a funny experience in one of the songs she was singing — "The Vale of Dreams." In the audience her attention was arrested by a large, florid man who slept contentedly during the low soft music to which she was singing. The song was greeted with a thundering volley of applause. It woke the sleeper. He turned over in his stall. "Very soothing!" he murmured in a voice which was audible all over the theatre. The audience roared with laughter, during which he settled himself comfortably to sleep through the next song.



AS THEY APPEARED BEFORE THE KING AND QUEEN AT EARL FITZWILLIAM'S: MLE. LYDIA KYASHT AND M. VOLINI.

Mlle. Kyasht and M. Volini danced before the King and Queen during their Majesties' visit to Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam, at Wentworth Woodhouse, Rotherham.—[Photograph by Bassano.]

NAILING !



"ONE PERFORMANCE ONLY."

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

FRIVOLITIES OF PHRYNETTE

P.P.C.: PACKING; AND KISSING.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London," and "Phrynette Married."

I CAN pack beautifully. Being given that the art of packing consists in forcing a small space to contain a great deal of stuff, I consider that I possess the art. Some people are full of odd notions about packing. They hold, for instance, that blouses should be laid together, skirts ditto, underclothing ditto, that boot-trees should go into boots and hats in hat-boxes. It is not only banal,

but it is a fallacy. Their idea is that should you require an article during the journey you can at once lay your hand on it. That is a common illusion. I defy you to remember where anything is, and, even if you remember, to be able to get at it. The more carefully things are packed, the more beyond reach they are. For instance, let us take stockings. Suppose you put them in a layer at the bottom of the box—it is generally where the careful packer places them, because stockings are not fragile—to get at them you must dive, burrow, and demolish. Now if, on the contrary, you adopt my method, or lack of it, and sprinkle stockings here and there throughout the trunk, as a sower sows seed, you can with your eyes closed pick up a pair without removing anything. The same with handkerchiefs, chocolates, gloves, camisoles, stamps, ribbons, boot-trees, etc. Have everything in profusion and confusion. If you think more of method than of chance, no wonder chance will refuse to serve you. Then as to the matter of space, it is incredible how much a tray will contain if the packer adopts the manner of French and Italian

Carnations never go singly except in masculine buttonholes. Sweet mummy, so crisp in death, whom do you come from? I know, I took you from a whole bunch; you were the most vivid and the most arrogant, and I kept you—I had really never forgotten you. Packing has its drawbacks.

Merely three months since I unpacked, and so many things have accumulated. Three months since I came back from France—I wonder whether it will have changed very much. I think it must have. We all read about the Pantin railway incident, or rather accident—love being a game of chance. It may appear a small thing, but it shows how the wind blows and evidently—it blows cold. Funny if, in the future, the English language were to be deprived of one of its favourite adjectives, an adjective which had numerous meanings and yet no synonym—the word "French," which meant, all in one, naughty, daring, frivolous, suggestive. It was the hall-mark of piquant indecency. It could be said of a very low frock or a very "high" play. A "French" novel was not merely a novel written by a French writer, but the book which the designing adventuress in a Society story is always found reading, while reclining her pantherine form on a luxurious sofa—the book which girls borrow from their married friends—the book which paterfamilias keeps locked when not on his bedside table. Funny if a few years hence "French" becomes the synonym for Puritanical. Because France has taken it into her head not to "throw her bonnet over the mills" any more—or, in good English, to kick over the traces—



AS A SOLDIER OF OLD ROME:
PRINCE NICHOLAS OF
ROUMANIA.

Prince Nicholas, who is nine, is the younger son of the Crown Prince of Roumania, who married Princess Marie of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh, in 1893.—[Photograph by E. N. A.]

peasants when pressing grapes. You will object that things get crushed. So they do, but they always do, tissue paper and separate drawers notwithstanding. So I kick off my shoes and dance in my trunk, for to-morrow we sail. Gracieuse shakes a stern headpiece at my unorthodox ways of packing, but, as she holds one howling twin in each arm and safety-pins between her lips, she has not much voice in the matter.

Packing, or its preceding operation—sorting—is an interesting game. It is full of surprises. Like moving into a new house, it reveals to you your own unsuspected wealth. You enjoy twice the possession of things which you re-discover. Photographs of dearest friends whom you had quite forgotten, letters you could have sworn you had burnt and should have, invitations which it is now much too late to answer, dance programmes with names that have as many as five dances in succession, and now—"Who was G. H., for instance, who stood for three two-steps and four waltzes?" He must have been such a nice boy, if only you could remember—and perhaps you will, thanks to the packing. And to-morrow I sail—good-bye, G. H., may we dance again together. Here is a dead carnation stabbed through the heart by a thin wire. One carnation!



AS A PEASANT OF HIS
COUNTRY, PRINCE NICHOLAS
OF ROUMANIA.

Prince Nicholas, here seen as a Roumanian peasant, wore the more elaborate attire of a soldier of Old Rome at a charity-fête given by the Queen of Roumania in aid of her City of the Blind.

Photograph by E. N. A.

but to become the nation edifying. We like change, we others!

Railway officials in France are no prudes. People who pop up unexpectedly when the rest of humanity is off its guard, be it in a railway carriage or a servants' hall or a City office, acquire quickly through ocular and oral shocks a tolerant knowledge of other people's worth, and often of their own worthlessness. So that the official who treated the engaged couple as "pigs" for kissing in his railway carriage, must be regarded not as a saint *effarouché*, but as a social reformer. Let me here explain that French pigs are ever so much more piggish than English pigs. I have heard in England some quite nice people calling each other "pig," and nothing happened. In France the use of "pig" among the polite is as much tabooed as it is among the Mohammedans. The French "pig," the French "cow," and the French "camel," are cousins-german to the Eastern "dog." I hope my meaning is clear.

If kissing in a Paris railway is considered fast, and by French rules, do you realise what it means? It means reform all along the line. It means putting the brake on our national *laissez aller*. It means—but I'll let you know.



THE QUEEN OF SPAIN IN ENGLAND: HER MAJESTY SHOPPING
IN THE WEST END.

There was a rumour some days ago that Prince Jaime, second son of King Alfonso, was ill, and that the Queen of Spain was to return home immediately. This, fortunately, proved unfounded; and it was announced that her Majesty would not change her plan of visiting Princess Henry of Battenberg at Osborne.

Photograph by L. N. A.

MUTED MATES.



THE CURATE: Well, Josh, they tell me that you and your wife have never had words.

JOSH: Never a one, Sir. Yer see, 'er can't 'ear I, an' I can't 'ear she.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



THE TRICKERY OF THE THIEF: CAMEOS OF INDIAN CRIME.*

A Stuffed Calf as Shield for a Milkman.

ing with the telegraph, beggars and beggar-faking to poisoning. Each is clear-cut and to be studied. Many are concerned with



THE AUTHOR OF "TENTERHOOKS":
MRS. ADA LEVERSON.

Mrs. Leverson's new novel "Tenterhooks" has just been published by Mr. Grant Richards and is already a success.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

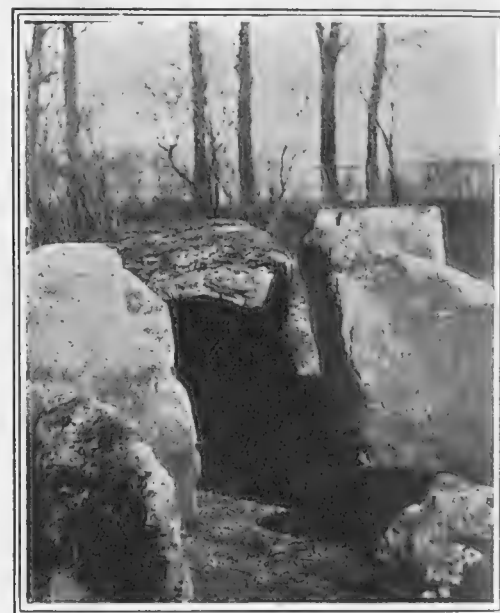
he placed close to the cow. When asked to explain, he said that the calf was the cow's, that the former had died, and that the latter would not 'let down' her milk unless the effigy of her offspring was by her. Thinking over this as something extraordinary, the lady became doubtful; so a few days afterwards she went out and snatched away the vessel just as the man was about to commence milking, and found the can already half-full of milk, which, on examination, was heavily watered—brought by the rascal from his hut to palm off as drawn on the spot; while further investigation—by means of the servants—proved the cow to be as dry as a bone!

Snake-Rods; and Stolen Telegraph-Poles.

Curious thieving of another kind was practised to the considerable disturbance of those responsible for the telegraph service. "The most efficient and most convenient safeguards against the reptiles (snakes)," says Mr. Hervey, "—and one resorted to by many Europeans as well—is to go armed with an iron rod,

hooked at the top like a walking-stick, buttoned like a foil at the bottom, threaded with some loose rings, and the resultant jingling of the rings—produced by the carrier stumping this rod as he goes along—frightens away all snakes that may be lurking in the path. The heavy telegraph-wire . . . made an ideal 'snake-rod.' The natives in the towns were wont to buy odd lengths of it after it had passed out of the Government service as condemned; the villager preferred to steal rather than travel fifty miles or so to do an honest deal. He could not reach the 'lines' proper, but cross-guys to supports were well to his hand. Hence many losses, although, as a general rule, the Indian hesitates a long while before he tampers with things official. Still, there are occasions on which he feels perfectly secure. Witness another telegraph incident. "On the introduction of hollow, galvanised iron standards, and previous to their general adoption, the iron posts were erected promiscuously—

wherever the wooden ones were found to be no longer serviceable. . . . When a sufficient number of these worn-out timbersupports were eliminated from the telegraph line, and collected at some village, a public auction would be held. . . . Say a ryot or cultivator buys a couple of unserviceable posts at an auction . . . he finds, on closer subsequent examination, that the wood is too far gone for his purposes—generally to make a plough, a yoke, or to repair his hut with. He looks enviously at the sound posts still standing on the telegraph line that runs past the village. . . . Then a thought strikes him . . . The ryot seeks out some of those of his fellow-villagers who have been employed as telegraph coolies. . . . When all is quiet they carry the two auctioned posts to a spot on the telegraph line, where the ryot has already marked down two good supports standing in it, when . . . they erect the auctioned posts in lieu of the two good ones . . . and go away . . . The chances are that the telegraph repair party—on their next tour—will take down those very posts."



DEALT WITH BY KIPLING IN "PUCK OF POOK'S HILL" AND BY SIR WALTER SCOTT IN "KENILWORTH": WAYLAND SMITH'S CAVE.

The entrance to the roofed-in cave is seen well in the photograph here reproduced. It is amongst these stones that Scott lays the scene of Tressilian's encounter with Flibbertigibbet.

Thank-Offering, Ten Rupees.

The ways of the Indian moneylender may be remarked also, as being at least as ingenious as those of the majority of his kind the world over. Jones arranges to borrow a thousand rupees and agrees to terms. The usurer goes to fetch the money. Returning, he hands the bond to Jones for perusal, "then, from the folds of his waistcloth, he produces currency notes and silver. He counts down seven hundred and sixty rupees, requests Jones to see if the amount is correct, and then sign the bond. 'Seven hundred and sixty rupees!' exclaims Jones, aghast. 'What do you mean? I want a thousand!' 'Very good,' replies the *sowcar* humbly, 'it is always our custom to deduct interest beforehand, which, in this case, at one per cent. per mensem on a thousand rupees for twenty months, is two hundred rupees; then cost of stamp-paper, ten rupees; and writing the bond in English for your honour's convenience, ten rupees; *cherrie-merrie* (tip), and carriage-hire for me, ten rupees, and, lastly, as a thank-offering to my gods for bringing me your honour's custom, ten rupees; total two hundred and forty rupees; and there is the balance, seven hundred and sixty rupees, Sir.'—So much for two or three of the details of "Cameos" in Mr. Hervey's book. For the finished gems and many of equally striking form the volume itself must be consulted: there is not a dull page in it.

"Cameos of Indian Crime." By H. Hervey. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul. 12s. 6d. net.)



DWELLING-PLACE OF AN INVISIBLE SMITH: WAYLAND SMITH'S CAVE, NEAR ASHDOWN, IN BERKSHIRE.

Wayland Smith, a creature of English folklore, is an invisible smith, supposed to have lived near Ashdown, in Berkshire. If a horse cast a shoe, it only remained to lead it to the cave, put a piece of money on one of the stones and retire for a while. On return the money had gone, but the horse had been shod. Wayland appears also in the legends of other countries.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

GURDIT SINGH, PENSIONER.

By E. CHRISTIAN.

GURDIT SINGH sat in his house at Darya Patan and looked across the wide bed of the river. The October sun shone brightly and the channels of the Beas sparkled in its rays; blue water and yellow sand alternated across the wide river bed, until this gave place to fields in which the green corn rippled to the music of the breeze. A bank of trees broke the horizon, and in the foreground a pied king-fisher dwelt for a moment above the water and then dropped into it like a parti-coloured stone, to emerge a second later and resume his quest.

Gurdit Singh looked at the scene but did not see its details; it was much as he had seen it daily for the last thirty years, and old men such as he do not consider the beauty of bright sun, azure sky, and fields of green wheat. As he looked, the voice of the postman broke upon him.

"Ai, duffadar-jee, a letter for you."

"A letter for me?"

Gurdit Singh did not often receive letters; sometimes one came from his son in China, but the envelope that the postman held towards him was large and imposing, and not such as his son used.

He took it in his two hands and turned it over. The superscription was beyond his powers of reading, but on the back was a crest, crossed lances with a number between them.

The postman was quite as curious as to the contents of the missive as Gurdit Singh, and he stood waiting for the request that he knew would come.

The old man inserted a brown and tremulous finger beneath the flap, paused a moment—while the postman rubbed one slippered heel against the other in impatience—then tore it open and drew out the letter.

He scanned it upside down, then handed it to the postman.

"Be pleased to read it, Bishen Singh; my eyes are dim."

Bishen Singh knew quite well that even at their best those eyes could never make head or tail of writing, but he forbore to say this, and, pushing his turban back upon his head, bent to his work.

The letter contained an invitation: Gurdit Singh was remembered in his old age by his old regiment, and this missive, written in the Colonel's name—a Colonel who had joined the regiment as a pink-faced boy after Gurdit Singh had left it as a war-worn, grizzled old man—bade him come to Delhi as the guest of the regiment and be present at the great Durbar.

Gurdit Singh was astonished, with the great astonishment that old age sometimes feels when it finds that it has not been forgotten in its backwater. A letter from the regiment, an order from the Colonel! There was no doubt about the acceptance of this invitation.

"It is an order," he said to the postman; "I will go at once. The Sirkar has remembered me. Read it again, Bishen Singh."

The postman, nothing loath, read the letter through a second time, and then wiped his face with the loose end of his turban.

"Certainly it is an order, duffadar-jee, and you must be present at Delhi on December 1st."

Gurdit Singh's brown old hand trembled as he held it out to take the precious letter.

Two months later Gurdit Singh bade adieu to his family and to the village. He had, in the meantime, become something of a personage; people who had hitherto respected him merely as one who drew a pension from Government, now honoured him as a man whose regiment wanted him, whose Colonel wrote him an order to come to Delhi and see the Badshah; as a man who was going to plunge suddenly into that great world of which only the faintest echoes reached the village on the river bank. He was so old a man that once upon a day he must have been important, else how should he now be remembered?

A figure in spotless white, with white eyebrows and white beard, a string of medals hung on frayed ribbons upon his breast, Gurdit Singh tucked his legs crossways upon the ekka and started over the rough and bumpy road for the railway. The village gathered to see him off, and he proudly waved his ancient hand to it as the lean pony moved off.

When Gurdit Singh got into the train at Amritsar he, of course, knew that he was bound for Delhi, and yet it never occurred to him that there was such a thing there as a railway station. Unconsciously he expected to find some such a Delhi as that which he had known nearly sixty years before: a great city, indeed, but one which ended at its own walls and fortified gates, a city which knew camps and soldiers, but where no train had yet penetrated. Consequently, when the train reached the new station of Kingsway, specially built upon the outskirts of Delhi for the Imperial Durbar, Gurdit Singh firmly declined to alight. He told his fellow passengers as they left the carriage that he was going to Delhi to his regiment, and that this was not Delhi; but presently there came to him an official of the railway.

"Delhi? Why, this is Delhi. Get out, old man, or you will be taken away again. What? Going to the 50th Cavalry? Well, they are here all right, and I think one of their men is on the platform now. I expect he is looking for you; he has got a lot of old men up there, and he probably wants you, too."

"Very good," said Gurdit Singh, who was now a-twitter lest he should be carried away from Delhi, and gathering his bundle he descended quickly from the carriage. He looked with amazed eyes up and down the length of platform. Could this be Delhi? Doubt fell upon him, but even as it fell a tall young soldier accosted him.

It was all right; this was Delhi, and the regiment had sent to meet him. The regiment had sent a man to fetch him to the lines; the regiment was certainly honouring him.

With other old men whom he was as yet too breathless to recognise, he found himself packed into a brake and being conveyed swiftly through a road crowded with traffic, bands playing, soldiers marching, orderlies trotting with messages, camels lurching on their deliberate way, carts, carriages, ekkas, and what were those other things?—Motors?

It was like a vivid and rather bad dream, from which he awoke to find himself taken back some thirty or forty years into the days of his manhood.

There were the lines, with the double row of horses. There were the sowars grooming them, and the British and native officers walking slowly up and down, looking here at a horse, speaking there to a man. There were the picketting-pegs all a-row, with the heel-ropes tautening and slackening as the horses strained at them. There was the trumpeter sounding the "feed," and there was the old answering chorus of whinnies with which the horses, lifting their heads and pawing at the ground, were ever wont to greet the welcome call.

Gurdit Singh felt himself young again as he stepped from the brake and straightened his old shoulders.

For the time being, Gurdit Singh found himself back in the old days—the old days with a difference. He was quartered in the 2nd Troop, his own old troop, and with him were one or two of his contemporaries; together they fell into the old routine, rising when the trumpets blew reveille, attending at stables, eating their bread with the sowars of the troop, going to the regimental Durbar. But how great was the difference! Stables were now a pleasure, entailing a conversation with officers who openly paid them honour before the men. Meals in the troop-mess were eaten in an atmosphere of respect, young soldiers plying them with food and addressing them deferentially as "Baba," which is to say, Father. And at "Durbar," or orderly-room, was the greatest honour of all, for they sat on chairs and the Colonel asked how such and such a thing was done in "your" time, and held them up generally as patterns to the modern generation.

So great was his pleasure in these new-old scenes that Gurdit Singh nearly forgot the prime object and reason of his coming, to wit, the Imperial Durbar. Delhi was no Delhi of his time, for it was tented up to the eyes; camps began at Badli Ki Serai and flowed in a continuous tide on both sides of the Ridge, up to and along the Kashmir Bastion and Gate and away to the Mori Gate. True, the Ridge stood out with the old familiar landmarks, grim in old age, an imperishable monument to Gurdit Singh and his kind, but it

[Continued overleaf.]

stood out from an ocean of canvas which effectually disguised its surroundings.

This was Imperial Delhi, not rebel Delhi, and the huge Royal Standard that floated over the royal camp was pointed out to Gurdit Singh as a sign of the fact.

For the Badshah had come.

In a blaze of glory he had entered his city, and so great was the pageant, so dazzling the pomp that Gurdit Singh somehow failed to distinguish the scarlet figure riding on the black charger. The Badshah had come and passed away, and Gurdit Singh had failed to see him. So bitter was his disappointment that he nearly shed tears, for to set eyes on the sacred person of the King-Emperor had now become the sole ambition of Gurdit Singh.

Then came an order. The Badshah would see his "Pinshoni" (his pensioners), and it was ordained that all the old men were to parade at such and such an hour upon the polo-ground.

Upon the receipt of this order Gurdit Singh's youth was renewed like a young eagle's; he had been growing younger daily since his arrival at Delhi, for the pride and interest of life and the renewal of old associations had put fire into his old blood, and his lean old hand, less tremulous than it had been, now found its way to the white moustache and mechanically twisted the ends martially upwards.

Arrayed in spotless white, his medals, newly-ribboned, strung across his breast, Gurdit Singh stood in the ranks of the "Pinshoni." The ancient men were drawn up in three sides of a great hollow square, grey-bearded, worn with war and work, some erect, not a few bent with age, some with eyes undimmed, others half-blind, and many halt. Five-and-forty years earlier some of them had fought and camped on that very ground where now the parade was waiting for the King; before them lay the low, long line of the Ridge where they had fought in company with those European soldiers, of whom many slept in the little cemetery half a mile away, and of whom a few—very few—now held pride of place in the ranks of the "Pinshoni."

Here were men who had enlisted under Lawrence in the Punjab and had fought under Nicholson; who had held the Bailey Guard at Lucknow, who had been in at the death at the Sekundrabagh, and had fought their way through the bloody streets to the relief of Havelock and Outram; men who had looted the Summer Palace at Peking in the East, who had fought round Cabul in the West, who had kept the length and breadth of the marches, fighting, and, if need be, killing their own kinsmen of the Frontier clans; men who had warred with the "Hubshis" of Africa, East and West, who had served against the Boers in the South and had seen the sights of Lhassa in the North; men who had fought with Arabi in Egypt, with Theodore in Abyssinia, with Thebaw in Burma.

Those few hundreds of old men had between them more hard-bitten experience of rough-and-tumble, of set battle and unforeseen skirmish, of heat and cold, of hunger and thirst, of steel and lead and sickness, than all the armies of Europe can muster among their millions of soldiers. A few hundreds of old men, and they of many races and religions, fighting for an alien sovereign, and fighting often against ridiculous odds, under officers whose every custom, idea, and standard differed from theirs. Here, indeed, was a wonder of the world—and the Badshah himself had come to see it.

Gurdit Singh had no thought for the impressive nature of the parade of which he formed a unit, and he had no idea that he stood for something greater than an old Sikh farmer who had once been a soldier. He was not given to reflections of that kind for his head thought of matters much less complex, and at present it was filled only with the idea of the Badshah. He would be coming soon, in fact, he might almost be said to be present now, for only a few hundred yards away he was presenting new colours to some of his Indian regiments. Gurdit Singh had looked at these and had approved them, and now straining his eyes in their direction, he wondered if the Badshah would soon be finished with the "young men."

At last he came; as he approached that face of the square at the end of which the European grey-beards were awaiting him, Gurdit Singh straightened himself and looked strictly to his front. Once more he was very much the soldier on parade, and only the slightest twitching of the brown fingers, and perhaps a little movement of his lips, betrayed the excitement under which he was labouring.

Slowly, slowly came the Badshah, on foot with his staff, asking about each man, speaking to some of them; Gurdit Singh thought he would never reach him, but at last, out of the corner of his right eye, he could just spy the scarlet-coated figure as it advanced with deliberation along the line of old soldiers. Closer, closer came the Badshah, till Gurdit Singh no longer dared to look even out of the corner of his eye; old parade instincts forbade it, but in his heart the emotions were not those of one who awaits a mere inspection.

He was to see the Badshah so near that by stretching his hand he could touch him—the Badshah, and who shall say what that personality meant to Gurdit Singh and his like? It was not a matter of seeing a mere King, a wearer of crowns and robes, and other vanities. It was much more than that, for it was to set devout, enthusiastic eyes upon God's appointed, a being himself almost divine, the wielder of all power, the dispenser of life and of death, the shelter of the world.

The Badshah stood before him, and Gurdit Singh looked him in the face. A hand touched Gurdit Singh's medals and lifted one of

them; a voice asked a question of a Staff-Officer, and the latter asked Gurdit Singh about his services at the Siege of Delhi. Gurdit Singh replied, looking straight at the eyes that held his, and was astonished at the boldness of his own voice; his answer was translated, the Badshah smiled at him, and passed on.

It was all over in a minute, but that minute held for Gurdit Singh more than the rest of his lifetime. The Badshah had spoken with him and smiled at him, had even laid a hand upon him; Gurdit Singh was in a dream of delirious glory—and so lost was he that he never even saw the Queen as she passed slowly in her state carriage.

The Tehsildar, the Zaildar, the Lambardar, an illustrious assembly of local notables, together with the postmen and other of the more respected inhabitants of Darya Patan, gathered round Gurdit Singh to hear of his experiences at Delhi.

The Tehsildar, as guest of honour, occupied the only chair, and the remainder sat upon the ground, while Gurdit Singh unfolded his tale of wonder.

"Wah!" cried his audience when he told them of the King.

"A-ho, brother, did he wear his crown?"

"He wore the coat of a General; what else?" Gurdit Singh answered. "This was a parade; he was inspecting the Pinshoni."

"Doubtless," murmured the chorus.

"He came down the line upon foot; with him were Lords and Generals. He spoke here to one, there to another. Then he came to me. My heart was as water."

"That is certainly true," said the Tehsildar, who felt that he was too much in the background. "I remember when the Lord Sahib—"

But he was interrupted with unusual lack of ceremony.

"He stood before me, within a pace. He spoke with me"—here Gurdit Singh salaamed; "Yes, he spoke even with me, and he placed his hand upon my medals."

"Wah, wah!" exclaimed the chorus, as Gurdit Singh paused in his speech, wondering again at the honour he had received. "He asked questions of me; I answered him."

There were renewed murmurs of applause and wonder. Gurdit Singh had had speech with the Badshah. The postman was inclined to preen himself as having himself been almost directly responsible for this honour. For had he not conveyed and read aloud the actual letter of invitation? Being something of an egotist he was even a little annoyed that Gurdit Singh had not acknowledged as much, and he pondered again the ingratitude of the fortunate.

"What was he pleased to say?" asked the Zaildar.

"We spoke together of wars," was the reply.

The chorus almost shivered with admiration.

"When he passed on he smiled at me."

There was a sibilant exclamation from the audience, such as is heard from the crowd at a firework display when a rocket hisses its brilliant way up into the sky.

"Show us the medal that he touched," said the Lambardar; "let us see the medal, brother."

Gurdit Singh frowned upon the proposal, and declined to produce it. The medal was holy, and he did "puja" to it daily; it was not to be shown to the "oi polloi." And they understood his refusal and approved it.

It was late when Gurdit Singh had finished his tale, for there was much to tell of besides that soul-stirring parade of the "Pinshoni," and such things cannot be told in a word. But it finished at last, for Gurdit Singh was tired and his voice had become weak. But it was not too weak to say a final word.

"There never was such a Badshah."

A very real tribute was conveyed in that final sentence, and the chorus once again murmured throatily in applause. It felt that it, too, had been in direct touch with the Great Ones of the land, and it dispersed with a feeling of personal satisfaction at the honour done to Gurdit Singh, for, after all, he was one of themselves.

Only the Tehsildar—and he is a great man in the countryside—felt not altogether pleased. Ordinarily, Gurdit Singh would have given to him preferential treatment in all things, and to have been included in that general refusal with regard to the medal rankled deeply in the official's portly bosom. He took Gurdit Singh by the arm and led him aside.

"Of course, you will show me the medal," he said, with his suavest smile. "I am the Tehsildar, and not such as these." He waved his too-plump hand towards the others, and then placed it on Gurdit Singh's shoulder.

"I will not show it to you," the old soldier said, and his tone was so sharp that the Tehsildar winced, for he was not accustomed to be spoken to by his inferior in any but the softest modulations.

"It is an order; show it to me." He spoke curtly.

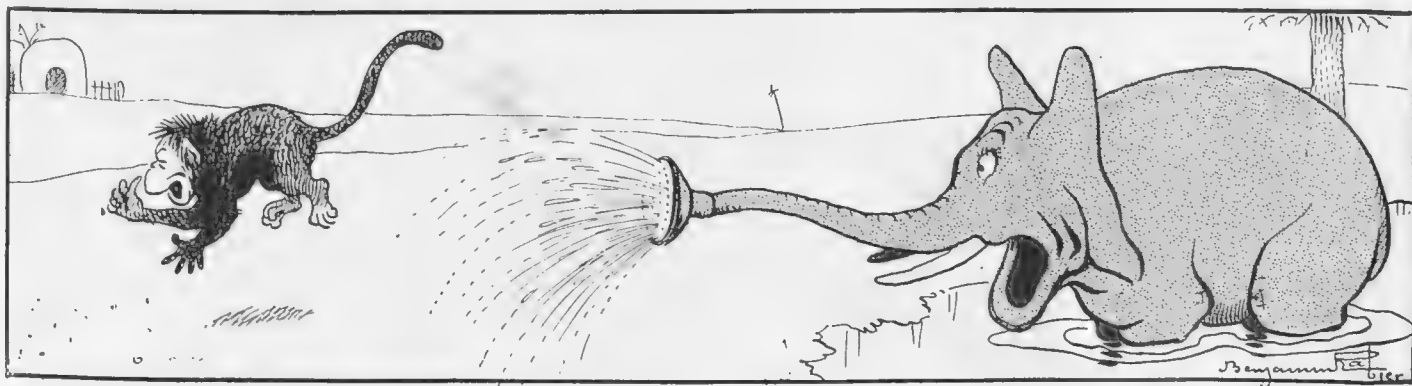
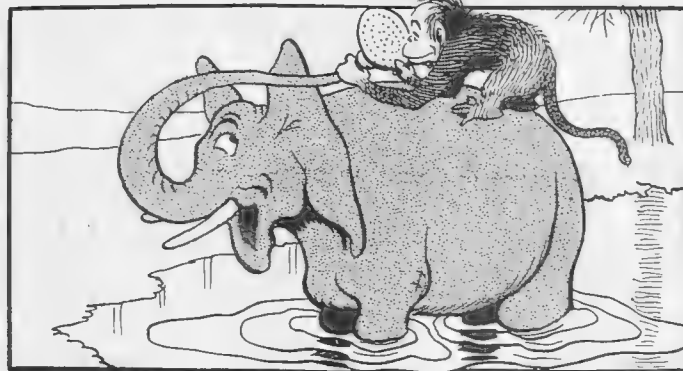
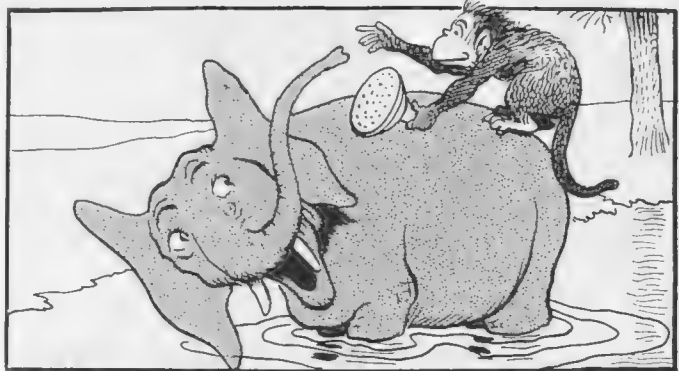
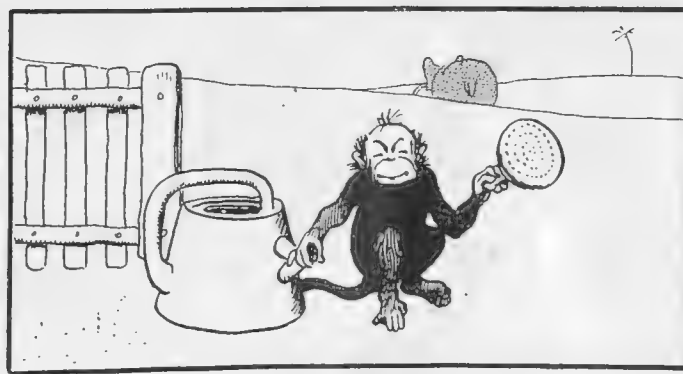
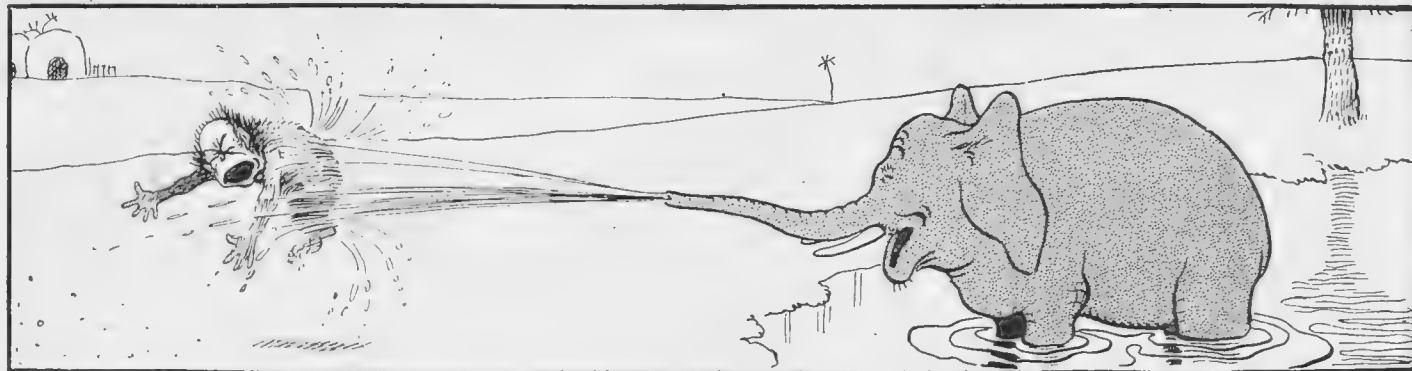
"Bring me the written order of the Government, and I will show it. Till then I will not show it. The medal is my medal—and the Badshah's. It is not for such as you. Go!"

The Tehsildar was petrified; stricken silent for once in his life, he watched Gurdit Singh speechlessly as the latter stalked into his little mud-house.

There the ancient soldier drew from its hiding-place the medal hallowed by the touch of the Badshah's hand, and worshipped it, bowing to the ground in reverent adoration.

THE END.

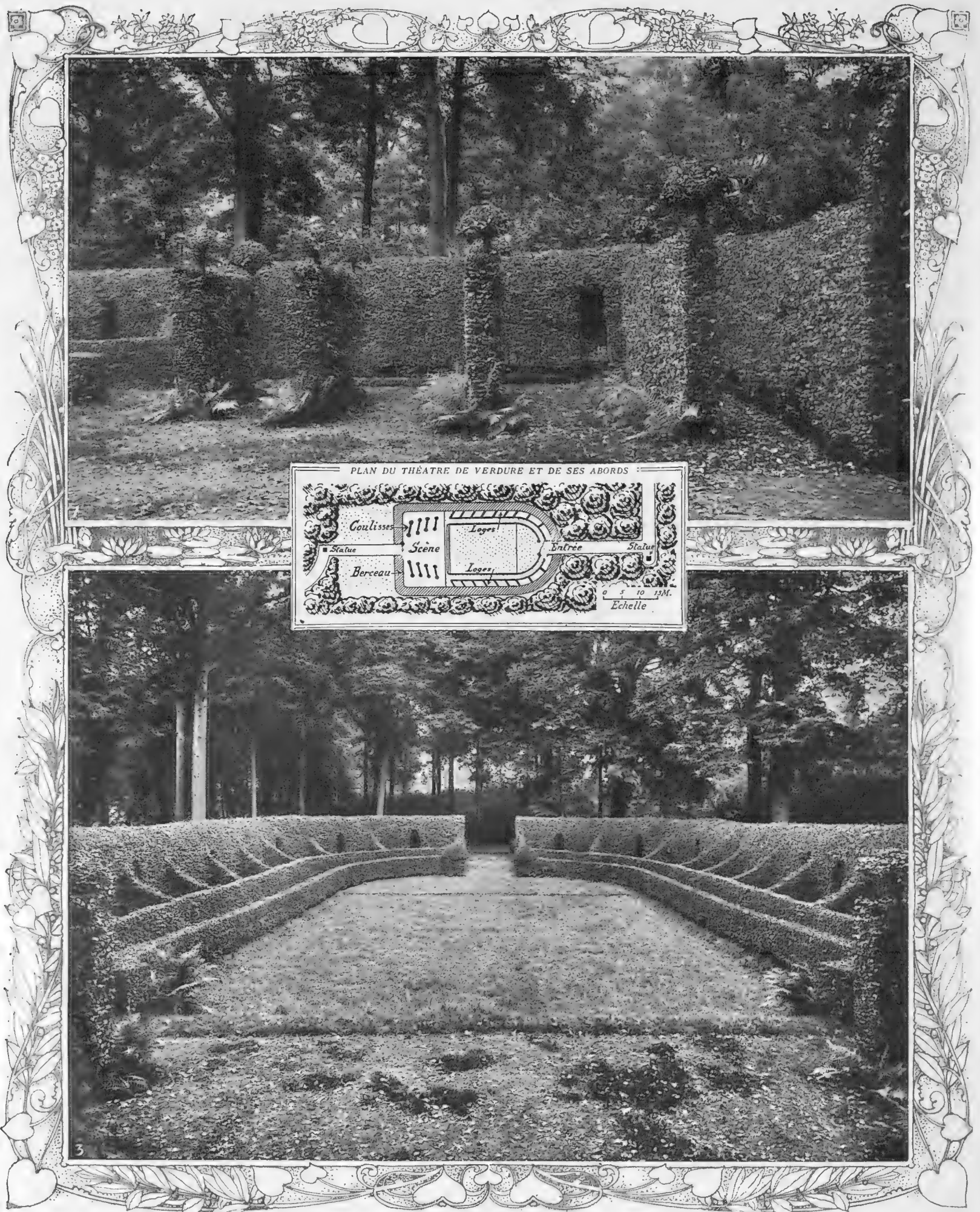
THE DEVIL A MONK WAS HE!



THE WILE OF THE BANDAR-LOG: HOW SIR SIMIAN "ROSE" TO THE OCCASION.

DRAWN BY BENJAMIN RABIER.

A THEATRE OF HORNBEAMS: A GARDENER-MADE PLAYHOUSE.



1. IN THE TOPIARY THEATRE OF LEEUWERGEM, WHICH DATES FROM THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, ONE SIDE OF THE LIVING STAGE.

2. LE THÉÂTRE DE VERDURE: A PLAN OF THE HORNBEAM PLAYHOUSE.
3. SEEN FROM THE STAGE: BOXES OF THE TOPIARY THEATRE.

At Leeuwerghem, attached to the castle belonging to M. Van den Hecke de Lembeke, near Sotteghem, is a remarkable playhouse known as the "Théâtre de Charmilles," otherwise the theatre of hornbeams. It is a very remarkable example of eighteenth-century topiary work, and has seen, amongst others, performances by actors of the Comédie-Française.

[Continued opposite.]

A TOPIARY THEATRE: A PLAYHOUSE MADE OF LIVING TREES.



1. AN AFFAIR OF BRANCHES TRAINED OVER METAL: IN THE ARBOUR GALLERY OF THE THEATRE MADE OF LIVING TREES, AT LEEUWERGEM, NEAR SOTTEGEM, IN BELGIUM.

2. SEEN FROM THE ENTRANCE: BOXES OF LIVING TREES IN THE TOPIARY THEATRE.

Continued.

The hornbeam, formerly much used in topiary work—that is to say, in the gardens whose trees were clipped to all manner of fanciful shapes—is a deciduous tree belonging to the order Amentaceæ. It is recognisable by its slender, smooth, often twisted trunk; and its simple, rough, alternate leaves, with strongly marked veins, which are much akin to those of the elm. In April it bears yellowish catkins. The female flower is followed by clusters of little nuts.

WHEN THE HANDKERCHIEF IS NOT.



HE (*seeking the introduction*): Er—did you drop this?

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.



ON THE LINKS

MISS DECIMA MOORE'S AFRICAN GOLF; LONDON AS A GOLFING CENTRE.

The Blasé Golfer.

The golfer who has become a little blasé with too many of the best of links provided for him, becomes an increasing problem to those whom he consults in his weariness. The other day I threw out a few random hints as to how one who had done the great show places of the golfing world in the holiday-time, and needed now some lesser excitements, might spend a little while during the next few weeks, but it is clear that such scraps of information are not enough. For particulars of something delightfully original and most deeply interesting I would direct the anxious one, perhaps, to Miss Decima Moore, with whom the other morning I discussed one of the most entertaining golfing holidays that I have ever heard of and which she has lately enjoyed. No lady of the links is there keener than this one, and she has golfed all the way round the African coast, and miles and miles up into the rough interior, finding links at innumerable places that are not marked on the maps or mentioned in the gazetteers. She is thus the most intrepid and the most successful golfing explorer that we have ever had; indeed, she is the first real one. Now this time, just lately, she has been golfing in Uganda, and at Kampala there, which is almost on the Equator, she enjoyed

Mr. LAURI DE FRECE (12), OF DALY'S, WHO BEAT MR. CHARLES MAUDE (6) BY 2 AND 1. Photo. Sport and General.

her games on the course of the native king, Daudi Chwa, who is very European in his likes and tendencies, and as a golfer most commendably keen. There is a railway from the coast up to Uganda, and at some of these African places there are such conveniences for golfers as players at home would never dream of. Still, Uganda is out of the way. I have positively heard, however, of some estimable persons going to the United States for a golfing holiday and finishing it up in Canada, and far worse for their satisfaction and enjoyment might they have done. This holiday is of the kind where you take variety of golf with strong interests of other kinds for the golfless hours.

Why Not London? Here is an idea for a golfing holiday that has not been overdone—London.

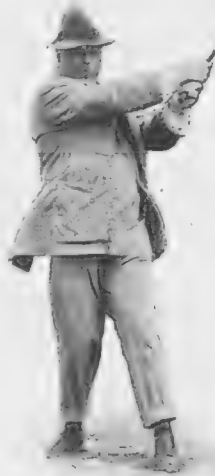
This suggestion may seem a little peculiar, but it is good. It is the fact that there is nowhere in the whole world such a fine



THE ST. JAMES'S TEAM: MR. CHARLES MAUDE (6), SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER (15), AND MR. DAWSON MILWARD (SCRATCH).

The final heat of 36 holes of the Inter-Theatre Challenge Cup Golf Tournament was held on the course of the Harewood Downs Club last week. The St. James's Theatre team beat Daly's by two matches to one.—(Continued opposite.)

place for a golfing holiday where variety and convenience are matters for consideration as the Metropolis. At different times I have put various people on to this kind of golfing holiday and they have always thanked me afterwards. Some golfing centres advertise that they have six or seven first-class links round about their parts. Why, here in London we have nearer seventy than seven, and for the most part they are of a very high order



BERRY ANXIOUS: MR. W. H. BERRY (16), OF THE DALY'S TEAM, WHO WAS BEATEN BY SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER BY 8 AND 7. Photo. Sport and General.

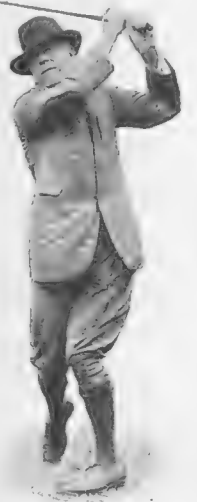
of excellence, and easy to reach from the centre, with clubhouse and other accommodation that is not to be surpassed in the whole kingdom. There are at least twenty courses that are of the highest quality. Think what a man can do in a golfing week in London—Sunningdale, Coombe Hill, Worplesdon, Sandy Lodge, Walton Heath, Oxhey, Sudbrooke Park—there are seven courses already, and I have not mentioned some of the very best. Of course, some will say I mean this sort of thing for the people of northern parts, Scots and such-like, who want to run south for a gay time just for once. Indeed I do not, though I can conceive of no finer holiday for the good Scot than such an one as this. But it would be even better for the London man, for the truth is that there is none so ignorant of the great wonders and resources of London golf as he. He often knows one or two courses only, and falls into the way of thinking that the others are there all the time, and that there will be many opportunities for his visiting them.

Its Great Variety.

It is the old tale of wonders and joys having no attraction for the people of their own vicinity. Our country cousins have all been to the Tower, and to the great waxworks show, but we ourselves have not advanced beyond the stage of preliminary determination; and it is just the same with golf. There are supposed to be about thirty thousand golfers in the London district, but I should doubt if five thousand of them have played at Sunningdale, or seen it, and yet it is, to my mind, the finest inland course in existence. So the man who spends his golfing holiday in London has a magnificent programme of opportunities to consider, and, working it from the centre, he has always the most capital diversion of other kinds open to him, and the dull, weary moment is impossible. More than anything, he has the courses practically to himself, with no waiting to be done on any tee. I am speaking of what I know, for self and friend, both

Londoners, once tried this thing, with a motor-car to help us, and we found it the most blessed holiday we had ever attempted. The

principle to be most strictly observed by London people who do it is that it must be all holiday, and there must be no mixing up with it of bits of work or dancing attendance on friends who have nothing to do with the scheme. Be, as it were, a wanderer from some other place, who has come into the big town to enjoy her wonders, detach yourself from all regular interests, and a splendid time is possible.—HENRY LEACH.



SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER (15), OF THE ST. JAMES'S, WHO BEAT MR. W. H. BERRY (16) BY 8 AND 7. Photo. Sport and General.



THE DALY'S TEAM: MR. LAURI DE FRECE (12); MR. W. H. BERRY (16), AND MR. HARRY DEARTH (5).
Continued.] Mr. Dawson Milward beat Mr. Harry Dearth by 4 and 3; Mr. Lauri de Frece beat Mr. Charles Maude by 2 and 1; and Sir George Alexander beat Mr. W. H. Berry by 8 and 7.

Photographs by Sport and General.

"EM'RALD ISLES AND WINDING BAYS": IRELAND THE PEACEFUL.



1. "WHERE MEM'RY EVER FONDLY STRAYS":
AMIDST KILLARNEY'S LAKES AND FELS.

2. PEACEFUL BEAUTY: THE FLAG POOL,
GLENCAR.

3. "MOUNTAIN PATHS AND WOODLAND DELLS":
INNISFALLEN, KILLARNEY.

No one can accuse of exaggeration the writer of the words of that famous old song, to Balfe's music, which says, "By Killarney's lakes and fells, Em'rald isles and winding bays; Mountain paths and woodland dells, Mem'ry ever fondly strays." Those who know Killarney will not hesitate for a moment to add theirs to praise that is known the world over. Those who are not so fortunate should realise that the beauties of that Eden of the West are easy of attainment. They can breakfast in Cork, and then start comfortably by motor-car, or motor-charabanc—the Great Southern and Western Railway providing their tickets—for fair Glengarriff, and then go on at their leisure for tea at Parknasilla, where they can stop as long as they please, and so on to such places as Waterville, Caragh Lake, Kenmare, and, finally, Killarney; following lanes of luxuriant beauty, beside the lakes themselves, swiftly flowing rivers, or rushing mountain-streams. That, of course, is a programme for the tourist in a hurry. The more leisurely may stay, with great profit to themselves, at particular beauty spots, such as Parknasilla.—[Photographs by IV. L.]

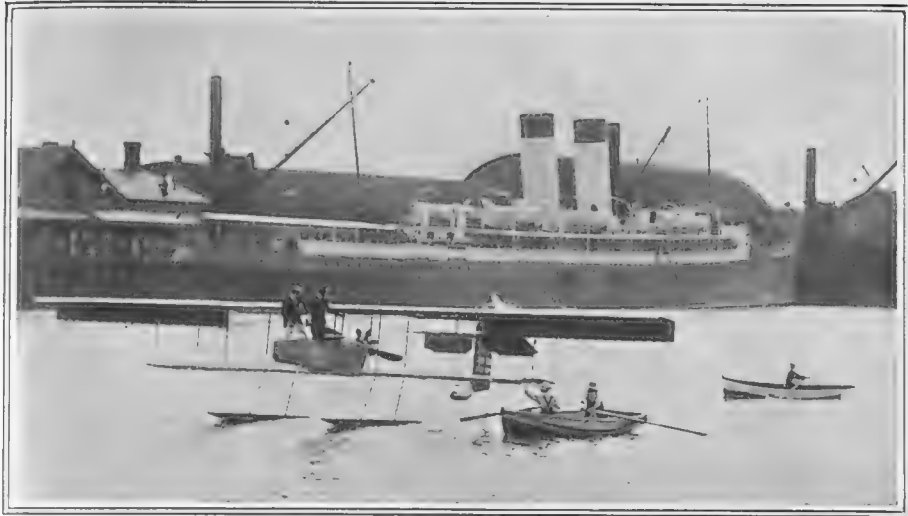


BROOKLANDS GALA DAY; THE VITAL TYRE; A TIP TO CONTINENTAL TOURISTS.

The Gala Day at Brooklands.

The Gala Day of the Royal Automobile Club, and the Associated Clubs, which was down for Saturday, July 27 last, must assuredly be written down as an even greater success than last year. The programme was just long enough without being tedious, and the racing in the All-Comers' Handicap and the Motor-Cycle Short-Distance Handicap extremely interesting. Indeed, no more exciting finish has ever been seen than in the final heat of the Motor-Cycle Race, the

is to be found on that part of the Great North Road which passes through Finchley, and where a central range of tramway standards has for years cut to waste quite a third of the useful width of the highway at this point. For some time past the R.A.C. has made representations to the parties concerned, so that, at last, the Middlesex County Council, a very advanced body as C.C.s go, the Finchley Urban District Council, and the Metropolitan Electric Tramways Company, now that the R.A.C. has topped up their contributions with £100, will proceed forthwith to the removal of these obstructions from the centre of the road.



WAS HE INSPIRED BY MR. COFFYN? MR. CLAUDE GRAHAME-WHITE, THE FAMOUS AIRMAN, LANDING IN NEWHAVEN HARBOUR WITH A PASSENGER FOR THE CROSS-CHANNEL STEAMER.

Giving a demonstration of the use of the hydro-aeroplane—or, as it is more popularly called now, the water-plane—the other day, Mr. Claude Grahame-White flew from Brighton to Newhaven Harbour with a mechanic who had to reach Dinan that evening, and could only catch the boat enabling him to do this by getting to the port in record time, which not even a motor-car could make. Mr. Grahame-White, flying as perfectly as usual, landed his passenger at the harbour with five minutes to spare, and before returning to Brighton followed the steamer out to sea for a little way. In view of this, it is of more than usual interest to note the drawings reproduced on this page.—[Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.]

scratch man, Harry Reed, on a Dot machine, only getting on terms with the leader in the last 500 yards of the $5\frac{1}{2}$ -miles, with others close up. One cannot presume that the scratch man, who in four cases was giving away 2 min. 10 sec., could have waited much, but if a motor-cycle can be sprinted, Reed certainly seemed to sprint his machine in the last half-mile. The Skilful-Driving Competition and Hill-Climb and the Blindfold-Driving Competition were much appreciated, the latter being provocative of much amusement. The fixture is certain to obtain next year, when it is hoped that more clubs from the Midlands and the North will enter for the Relay Race.

Continental in the Belgian Grand Prix.

It is freely admitted that races and reliability trials are won, almost if not just as much, on tyres as by the chassis as a whole, for the unhappy fate of the fast S.C.A.R. car in the late Standard Car race at Brooklands may be taken as an example, except that much of the delay with that car might have been avoided had detachable rims or detachable wheels been used. It is, on the whole, not fair to blame the tyres in this case, for every fresh cover that was fitted was, of course, used very roughly in getting it on to the fixed rim. A week or two ago, however, I made a pointed reference to the large part that Continental tyres played in Boillot's Peugeot victory in the French Grand Prix. They were again to the fore in the Belgian Grand Prix—the Minerva team (fitted with Knight sleeve-valve engines), which was successful, and scored also for three cups, ran on Continental tyres.

The R.A.C. Prevails.

Lack of prescience has cost, and will cost, the world dear. This is assuredly the case with the misguided policy which, in the spirit of false economy, has led to the erection of central tramway and electric-light standards on many roads. It is difficult to divine the reasoning which has swayed Boards and Councils first to spend large sums of the ratepayers' money in widening a road, and then to more than nullify the improvement so effected by erecting, or permitting the erection of, a line of electric-light or tramway standards down the centre of the road. A blazing instance of this form of folly

Cut-Outs for the Continent.

Mr. C. L. Freeston, in the R.A.C. "Journal," issues a very salutary warning to British motorists about to tour on the Continent with a silent-running British car. His advice is really so sound, and yet so unlikely to occur to the uninitiated, that I shall not hesitate to profit my readers by it. We are reminded that abroad the silent car is not esteemed, and that road-users other than motorists are not accustomed to silent-running cars. They expect to be aware of the presence of a motor-car long before it gets near them, and that not by the dulcet note of a horn, but by the raucous cough of a free exhaust. Everybody drives with a free



DID THIS INSPIRE MR. GRAHAME-WHITE? A BELATED PASSENGER CATCHING A "LOST" STEAMER BY HYDRO-AEROPLANE—FROM THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

In the "Illustrated London News" of July 20 there appeared two drawings, made from photographs in "Popular Mechanics," of Chicago, showing a belated passenger catching a "lost" steamer by hydro-aeroplane. Thirty minutes after the boat left its dock the passenger and Frank Coffyn, the airman, set out in pursuit in the latter's hydro-aeroplane. The flying machine caught the steamship in a very few minutes, after making a record trip down New York Harbour, about 500 feet from the surface. After circling the ship twice, the hydro-aeroplane dropped to the water, and a boat was put off from the steamer for the passenger. When the passenger had been taken from his machine, Coffyn rose in the air again and returned to his starting-point. This is the feat Mr. Grahame-White emulated the other day in the manner shown in the other illustration. Question: Was he inspired by Mr. Coffyn's experiment? The larger illustration shows the belated passenger flying in pursuit of the steamer in a hydro-aeroplane; the smaller, the passenger boarding one of the ship's boats after the hydro-aeroplane had caught the liner up and had alighted on the water by her.

From the Drawings by H. W. Kockkoek.

exhaust abroad, and all, even the ordinary populace, seem to like it. Though mercifully forbidden in this country, it would seem advisable to fit cut-outs for touring across the Channel.

THE HISTORY-MAKER: THE COWES OF YESTER-YEAR.

The Beginning of Cowes.

were its godfathers. It was not until eight years later that William the Fourth, as Duke of Clarence, was attracted to its annual carnival and bestowed the "royal" distinction upon its title; and the "squadron" was a later substitution for "club." The organisation was modelled upon that of the Cork Harbour Water Club, which was the first of our yachting clubs, albeit Cork was not the first of yachting centres. Cowes turned out possibly the first yacht ever built in the British Isles, that being for Queen Bess in 1588, so that the little place had struggled along for a couple of centuries before the Yacht Club came to take advantage of its facilities.

Prizes and Exiles.

Truth to tell, Cowes enjoyed greater importance of a national character before yachting as an established sport was born than has since been the case. Our valiant, if unscrupulous, sea-dogs of the spacious days of old were wont to run their staunch little craft into Cowes on their return home from the Spanish main. The prize of many a golden argosy has been unloaded on the stage over which the ensign of the Royal Yacht Squadron now floats. Not so many years after Louis Philippe had fled to the shelter of Queen Victoria's protection, confessing that but for her charity he would have had no roof to cover his head nor ought to set upon his table, a certain "Comte and Comtesse de Pierrefonds" set sail from Cowes to circumnavigate the island. They were the ex-Emperor and Empress of the French. In their train went a number of Spanish noblemen, adherents of a lost cause. And grievously ill they were. Well, earlier Spaniards had been worse on the same waters, for it was here that our wicked old buccanniers with exalted titles landed their Spanish prisoners held to ransom, along with their doubloons and pieces-of-eight, and the gods know what beside.

Cowes Threatened by America.

Well, the day came when Cowes afforded a vastly different sensation. Cowes, home of British craft, was actually menaced by a foreign man-of-war, and that within the lifetime of men but new to their fifties. The incident is not to be found, so far as personal search reveals, in any of our histories, but Queen Victoria's brother-in-law, the late Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg, is the chronicler, and he personally witnessed the event. He had come to the funeral of the Prince Consort, and found the country in a fever over the probability of war with the United States in connection with the Trent affair. And he saw a puissant vessel of war with her guns

threatening the very home of the widowed Queen when she herself was in residence. Here is the story in his own words:—"While I was staying with the royal family at Osborne [he wrote in that diary whose publication gave such offence to the Queen], during the days of mourning, the anxiety and danger of war appeared directly before the eyes of her Britannic Majesty. A powerful American man-of-war anchored without showing its flag, opposite Osborne. The intention was apparently to threaten the Queen, and the guards of the palace were reinforced. Two English frigates cruised in front of the island, and gradually everything assumed a warlike aspect. At any moment some unforeseen incident, such as would have been nothing new in the English navy, might have been followed by the most dreadful consequences." So he wrote, and the incident is worth thinking over this week as we watch our peaceful little aquatic butterflies skimming over the waters where this Transatlantic monster veritably invaded us. Who, one wonders, was this second Paul Jones that commanded the audacious intruder?



UP ALOFT! THE STARTER'S "BOX" AT COWES.

never were upon the sea, though none other seems so to have detested the place as did bluff Lord Melbourne. He hated his visits to Cowes for the little yachting expeditions upon which he had to attend the Queen. Said she one day as she saw him staggering in the agonies of sea-sickness, "You are not often ill in this way?" "Always," he answered tragically. "But you do not feel very bad, I hope?" "I feel sick unto death," he replied, with an emphasis upon the third word which was pregnant and profound.

Lord Melbourne's Hate. Various regattas

have attracted statesmen who

Regattas Various.

The Royal Yacht Squadron remains the most exclusive club in the Empire, but its present-day friends with recollections of the past declare that the annual regattas have sadly deteriorated. Probably preceding generations said exactly the same thing of the regattas that they saw. Be that as it may, the week is shorn of one of its ancient attractions—the ball which was formerly given by the Royal Yacht Squadron. There was one of nearly forty years ago, at which a certain lovely American girl "came out."

She was there presented to the future King and Queen of England, and there met the man who was to become her husband. Had there been no regatta there would have been no ball, and no meeting between Lord Randolph Churchill and the dainty daughter of Columbia, and no Winston Churchill—and no new Naval Programme for 1912 in the form in which it has been presented. So, indirectly, the Regatta makes history.



WHERE STARTS AND FINISHES ARE "FIRED": THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON'S BATTERY.

Photographs by Barratt.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Sham Simplicity. At this radiant time of year, when the country cottage most appeals to us, we have ample opportunities of sampling all the varieties which have sprung up in such surprising fashion of late years all over this land of ours. For with the growth of London, its constant turmoil and monstrous dimensions, has come a perfervid desire to get away from it. And it is especially the Londoner who yearns for this minor luxury, if "luxury" is the right word to use in connection with these somewhat austere residences. Nothing is too straight, too plain, too hard, too uncompromising for the townsman's rural cottage. They are apt to have the most chilly linoleum upon the floors, the flimsiest of cotton curtains, the hardest of wooden chairs and benches, the barest of walls, the sketchiest beds. Two dim candles will light your frugal meal, and if watering the garden immediately after dinner, does not specially appeal to you, you are hard put to it to find amusement or recreation. In the abode of sham simplicity you must go to bed at 10 p.m., whatever your habits may be in town, and be down for breakfast at 8 a.m., however repulsive the custom of early rising may be to you. But one is bound to admit that these quaint furnishings and drastic rules appeal rather to women than to men. It is they who cannot be happy without an ingle-nook, several copper warming-pans, an oak settle, and a collection of Toby jugs; man, in his carnal way, being more concerned to possess an adequate kitchen-range, a bath-room, and an assortment of easy chairs.

The Craze for Common Things. This craze for common surroundings in the country is curiously feminine, and I am quite sure that Man, left to himself, would have none of it. It is not he who collects painfully new and cheap lustre jugs and white mantelpiece dogs, who insists on eating off clumsy plates, and using two-pronged forks. He realises, like Mr. "Bobby" Spencer on a famous occasion in the House of Commons, that he "is not an agricultural labourer." Why, then, should he constrain himself to live in the supposed surroundings of that useful, even indispensable member of society? It is far better, he long ago discovered, to make your country abode suitable to your tastes, and more akin to what you are accustomed to in town. Rare is the woman who would take a precious edition or a fine picture to her country cottage, yet why should we not have these things for the filling of that leisure which is so abundant directly you find yourself fifty miles from Charing Cross or Euston? There is no special reason why we should only read magazines or sevenpenny books, or look at photographs instead of pictures, because we are among the woods and streams. Even a thatched roof and a latticed window do not necessarily imply a limited outlook on life, or a complete suppression of all the tastes we cultivate in town. In short, the country should be taken discreetly, and in measured doses, lest we lose our sense of proportion and get callous to the finer things of civilisation.

The Ideal Country Cottage.

Cottages, to be sure, are of all sorts and sizes, and though we stop short of the American exaggeration, which permits a stone mansion at Newport, with gaudy flower-gardens, to be so designated, there are many small houses in England which are the perfection of comfort, yet can still come under the category of the "cottage." In my ideal cottage (and in writing, I have several bachelors' country homes in my mind's eye), there is no aping of simplicity, of mediæval surroundings, except that the deep fireplaces, the cross-beams, and the wide window-seats are retained. The sitting-room—which should be spacious, with plenty of light and air—has, perhaps, a beautiful square of carpet on its shiny dark boards, a lovely tone of green on its walls, a precious Chinese screen, a great pot of blooming azaleas, one or two good pictures, a long couch covered with a striped peach-coloured stuff; books, some quaint ornaments picked up in travel, soft brocades outlining the landscape outside. In the dining-room there would be greater simplicity: some good Chippendale, an old convex mirror, one or two eighteenth-century engravings, but all the appointments of the table perfect in their way. The narrow staircases will be white, with carpets soft to the tread, and the bedrooms fresh, dainty, and alluring, white dimity, fresh flowers on the table, the newest books (which you never have time to read in London), and windows which open and shut easily, giving on to woods or downs. The garden, however small, must be perfection, nor should the guests be constrained to peer into the mysteries of its making. They will admire the perfect whole. Such a week-end place of relaxation can, and does, allure the most exacting Londoner, and with these surroundings, wily Man succeeds in creating an absolutely ideal country home—one which, though essentially unostentatious, does not clash with our present ideas of comfort and recreation.



MODES FOR THE HOLIDAY MONTHS.

(1) A smart morning dress in blue cheviot tweed with green and yellow lines in it; the skirt is heavily pleated, and the little jacket, short to the waist in front, is finished with a black velvet belt and buckle and trimmed with braid. (2) White serge coat-and-skirt; the skirt, fastened down the side with barrel-shaped buttons in braid, is slit up almost to the knee; the coat is held in at the back with a belt and has a small muslin collar at the neck.

Cosmopolitanism in the Country.

Only a few years ago, the small country residence was given over to crude green paint, "art" decorations, rush matting, and reproductions of Watts or Burne-Jones. No other style or scheme was considered suitable, and from John o' Groat's to Land's End these inevitable surroundings met you wherever you went. Now it is realised that you may have a Dutch interior—all oak and Delft—or a French salon, with curly gilt chairs and florid mirrors, or a Georgian Chippendale parlour, or the surroundings of an Italian villa. In one charming house I know, which dominates one of the most lovely views in this island, everything in the wide-windowed drawing-room has been brought from Italy: the quaint gilt mirrors, the stately curved chairs, the subtle brocades. With masses of flowers, and one or two sketches of the great Venetian School upon the walls, the effect of this room is extraordinary, and its exotic aspect—which might strike too strange a note in the flat fields of the Midlands—is justified by the Florentine beauty of the purple ridges and wooded slopes revealed by the wide-opened windows.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 12.

THE MARKET.

THERE has been quite a cheerful tone in Consols during the last few days, due to the efforts of the Government broker, and to the idea that considerable sums of insurance money will be coming forward from time to time to support the Market. In most departments the week has been characterised by almost complete stagnation, although Home Rails have recovered a trifle, due more to bear covering than new investment business. The dividends all round have been worse than our expectations, but the traffics will soon compare with the strike period of last year, and may look well on paper. How stagnant nearly all markets are may be judged by the fact that the last magnificent Canadian Pacific return had, until New York appreciated its value, practically no effect on the price, and that the death of the Mikado did not move Japanese even a fraction.

About the only live market has been that in Nitrate shares, which continue to improve, as we anticipated they would, thanks to steady buying. We hope our readers have profited by our persistent advice, to buy the best shares, such as Liverpool or Salar del Carmen. It is not time for holders to realise yet.

EMBA CASPIAN OIL.

This long-talked-of promotion of Messrs. Chaplin, Milne, Grenfell and Company has at last made its appearance, after numberless preliminary puffs have appeared in all sorts and conditions of papers. The capital is large—£3,210,000—and the proceeds of the 1,140,000 shares of £1 each offered will be available for the development and exploitation of the oil-bearing ground. So far, so good, but the only market for the oil produced must be Russia. The Emba field lies on the north-east point of the Caspian Sea, and is not in direct communication with the outside world (or likely to be so) in a way that would enable its products to compete commercially with many other producers. The Company holds rights over 574 plots, and during three years will be able to select twenty-seven acres on each plot. The Ural Caspian Company holds 622 plots in the same district, has a total capital of only £1,000,000, and paid £327,500 for them, against £1,070,000 by the Emba for a smaller number. There was a rush for the issue, but shares must be looked upon as speculative.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Well," said The Jobber, "I suppose this is the last time we shall meet in this way—"

"Audible sobs!" murmured The City Editor, fumbling for a handkerchief.

"The last time before the annual recess, as the newspapers go on calling it, year after year," was the calm conclusion.

"By moor and glen and silver strand—"

"Penny all the way to Charing Cross!"

"We wax frivolous, I think, Gentlemen," said The Banker, a little reproachfully.

"Breaking-up sort of feeling. You must extend a generous indulgence to the b-boys, Sir," prayed The Engineer.

"When we come back, let's hope everything will be booming."

"Heavens!" exclaimed The Jobber. "Don't say that. Why, I'm a bear of—"

He stopped.

"What?" cried The Carriage.

"I'm a bull of railway-tickets, time-tables, guide-books, and golf-balls," was the reply.

"And a bear of—?"

"Doesn't do for a Stock Exchange man to admit he's a bear of anything," said The Jobber sententiously. "Supposing I told you what I was a bear of. It might get into the newspapers. No fear!"

"You House people are a quaint crowd," complained The Engineer. "Nine times out of ten you will tell a man that things will go up when as likely as not you are bears of the stuff."

"The indictment is too sweeping. Put more mildly, I should have admitted there was something in it."

"Explain," The Solicitor demanded.

"Take the Rubber Market as an example," replied The Broker. "Pretty well every man there will tell you Rubber shares must go better, and yet dozens of the jobbers are bears up to the neck."

"What liars!"

"Not a bit of it. They honestly think Rubber shares will go better in the future. They believe in the industry, a possible shortage and all that—"

"Then what on earth—"

"Because they take a market view. There's nothing doing: business must be good if prices are to rise. They put aside the raw produce question and speculate just on the market, for a market turn. Don't you see?"

"It seems remarkably contradictory."

"A financial paradox."

"Operating against their own judgment."

"Mere gambling."

"You're all of you perfectly right, and—oh, but, outsiders must find it as difficult to understand as I do to explain. But isn't it so?" and he turned to The Jobber for support.

"Ra-ther! It's the same in the Kaffir Circus. We all believe in the future of the market, but we all keep out of the stock whenever brokers come and buy it of us."

"But you are surely liable to get caught out of stock?"

The Jobber laughed.

"It's a risk you don't mind running when you've jobbed in a dead market for a year or two," he replied. "It helps to pay for the 'book' you are certain to get landed with, sooner or later."

"You are both very pessimistic this morning," said The Solicitor, with a smile.

"By no means," said The Jobber. "I made seventy-five pounds thanks to a newspaper yesterday, and I feel rather happy."

"You did?" said The City Editor incredulously.

"I did. A month or two ago a morning newspaper was so bullish about Anglo-Continental that I went and sold fifty."

"Sold fifty?"

"Sold fifty. Sorry if I didn't speak plainly. And I bought them back yesterday at the profit I mentioned. If I had dealt on Stock Exchange information I might have bought the shares instead. The seller in this case would have saved by dealing through us—"

"Oh, drop it!" laughed The Engineer, and, indeed, the rest were all so tickled at the apt allusion that—

"Tickets, please, gentlemen," said an inspector, suddenly appearing.

"No, thanks; I have several at home," said The Jobber. "Come inside and sit down a bit. Turkish or Yankee?"

"I think that Home Railway prices ought to improve," said The Banker.

"I think they will," The Engineer declared. "August traffics surely will show up well against the strike figures of a year ago."

"I'd rather be a bull than a bear," considered The Broker. "Though, when the dividends are paid, and there's nothing much else to go for—"

"Rotten!" said The Solicitor. "The dividends were bear points, and after them there is everything to go for."

"You needn't go for me, anyway. Besides, I said it was better to be a bull than a bear."

"Excuse me, but you said the very reverse, Brokie."

"I didn't! I said—"

"You would rather be a bull than a bear. Now, when a broker says that, you know perfectly well that it's safe to—"

The broker flung things at his retreating figure.

"To alight without loss of time!" concluded The Jobber, from the platform.

Friday, Aug. 2, 1912.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

VINCENT.—See this week's Notes. For your purpose, (1) Chilean Government 5 per cent. Bonds, (2) San Paulo Treasury 5 per cent. Bonds, (3) Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Twenty-Year Gold Bonds, and (4) The Underground Electric Railway Company of London 4½ per cent. Bonds would be a good selection.

LIGHT.—Both Preference and Ordinary shares of the St. James and Pall Mall Electric are good, sound investments, and South London a fair speculation; but probably the .5 per cent. Debentures are a safer purchase at or about par.

J. J. S.—The Guayaquil Bonds are about 63. We still think there is money to be made by purchasing them.

CUI BONO.—If you have any fear of the liability, sell and put the money into another class of security. We think, as you are nervous, you would be well advised to do this.

B. K. W.—As to the Waring and Gillow Debentures, we really don't know what to say; but if the scheme goes through, and is sanctioned by the Court, we think you might get 45 to 50 for them.

F. H. P.—You should not sell your Great Central Railway 1891 Preference. We think that next year it will get its dividend.

THRELFALL'S BREWERY ANNUAL MEETING.—A very satisfactory account of business during the past year was presented at the twenty-fifth annual meeting of Threlfall's Brewery Company by the chairman, Mr. Charles Threlfall. The profit from the trading account, he stated, amounted to £193,742, as against £185,598 last year, an increase of £8144. They had written off £40,335 for depreciation, against £30,105, an increase of £10,230; added £1000 to the Employees' Compensation Fund, and carried forward £38,893 to next year. Trade, said Mr. Threlfall, had improved during the past year, and there were indications of a continuance of improvement, which he trusted would compensate in a measure for the increased cost of materials. The report and accounts were adopted unanimously, and a dividend declared at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on the Preference shares and 8 per cent. per annum on the Ordinary shares for the year ended June 30, 1912. The Board were heartily congratulated on so favourable a report, particularly considering the labour unrest and other difficulties they had had to contend with; and the retiring directors, Captain C. N. Threlfall and Mr. George Barker, were unanimously re-elected.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Amateur Seafarers. Cowes is the centre of social life this week, the Roads are gay with the most beautiful craft—from the King's big, comfortable, roomy steamer, the *Victoria* and *Albert*, down to the little red wings and the white wings of the on-



SEAT OF A FAMILY CLAIMING DESCENT FROM A SUBJECT OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR: STAUNTON HAROLD, NEAR ASHBY DE LA ZOUCHE.

The late Earl Ferrers (Sir Sewallis Edward Shirley), who died at Staunton Harold a few days ago, claimed descent from one Sewallus, a subject of Edward the Confessor. A Sir Hugh Shirley, grand falconer to the King, and dressed so like his master that he was mistaken for him, was killed by the side of Henry IV. at the Battle of Shrewsbury. A son of his, Sir Ralph, was one of the chief commanders at Agincourt. Lord Ferrers was a childless widower, and is succeeded by his cousin, Mr. Walter K. Shirley, who is an architect.—[Photograph by Hands.]

metre class. The King and the Queen, the King and Queen of Spain, the Prince of Wales, Princess Mary and other members of the royal family, are among the seafarers in an amateur way at the sunny little yacht port on the Solent. The King is, of course, a professional sailor, so, too, is the Prince, but the present is the pleasure of the sea. The scene is very gay and bright, but it is one for the yachtspeople only. The efforts of outsiders to take part are almost pathetic. The royal and celebrated people are seen only on their yachts, in the exclusive Squadron garden, and at an early hour in the town shopping. The excursionists and outsiders see only the yachts, and crowd as near to the Squadron landing-stage as may be to see their owners and their guests; but it is made a matter of some difficulty. The genius who wrote in a daily paper of the King of Spain's hands being blistered by holding the rudder is a sample of the outsider at Cowes, the person who hardly knows a rudder from a rhinoceros, or a tiller from a tadpole! The real amateur seafarers know all about their boats and take a very real pleasure in them.

The House Up to Date.

We all like to be in the van of progress nowadays, when it means the minimum of trouble and the maximum of comfort; one has no quarrel with modernity. It is a great insight into all that there is of fittings for kitchen, bath-rooms, decorations, etc., to go through the fine premises of Alfred Goslett and Company, 127-31, Charing Cross Road. There is a whole floor devoted to ranges of the most time-saving, fuel-saving, dirt-eliminating description. There are dozens of the most beautiful baths, heating-stoves of all the latest kinds, and tips in many ways for comfort and convenience. Then there is a lead tank of 1804, weighing three-quarters of a ton, with really finely preserved ornamentation in Adam style, which will delight collectors. A smaller one from a Soho house of 1746 is still more rare. As a contrast in dating, I would mention a cooking-range with three ovens capable of cooking for 200 people, which is a triumph in its way, and is all nickel-plated; there is a

huge steamer which goes with it. They are an insight into domestic engineering. The firm can show everything that is of the latest for the modern house.

The Indispensable of the Breakfast Table.

A British breakfast must be rounded off with marmalade to give complete satisfaction. It must be marmalade, too. There is nothing on which the Briton is better fitted to offer an opinion. Cooper's Oxford Marmalade at once won approval, and it is curious to see a model factory with every hygienic accessory in full working order. The King has honoured Mr. Frank Cooper with the Royal Warrant of Appointment for supplying Oxford Marmalade to the Royal Household. Captain Scott, from far away Cape Evans, has written saying how excellent and excellently packed were the things supplied by this firm for his Antarctic expedition. A party of recent visitors were greatly gratified to see this line of industry flourishing beneath the shadows of a grand old University.

A Welcome Advantage.

Our skins and hands require special care in holiday time when we are exposed to weather and are doing things that we never do at other times; therefore, it will be good news to many a reader that Mrs. Adair, 92, New Bond Street, and Paris and New York, will, during August, make a reduction of 10 per cent. (2s. in the £) on all treatments and preparations. Mrs. Adair's work as a skin specialist, manicurist, hair specialist, and general preserver of beauty is known all over the world and keenly appreciated. Ganesh Eastern Muscle Oil is a preparation that works wonderful results under the proper treatment. Loosening of the muscles is one of the worst cuts the Old Man with the Scythe makes at us. Ganesh, with proper treatment, quite eliminates ill-effects.

Weddings of the Week.

Last week was rung out with wedding-bells. We acquired a new Marchioness, a very handsome and popular one, and a new member of the diplomatic corps, Lady Theo Cadogan. Queen Alexandra gave presents to both brides. Seldom have two such important social weddings taken place in August. As the Saturday between Goodwood and Cowes was chosen, many people were able to be present. The Marquess of Anglesey's presents to his bride were very fine, but they pale beside the wonderful jewels showered upon his bride, who was also his cousin, by the late Marquess, then the Earl of Uxbridge. He was eccentric, and one of his chief eccentricities was a love of jewellery. The present Marchioness's long rope of pearls from her husband would, though, be hard to beat.



SAID TO BE ENGAGED TO MR. VINCENT ASTOR: MISS MARGARET ANDREWS.

There is a statement, not yet confirmed, that Mr. Vincent Astor, the very wealthy son of the late Colonel Astor, who was drowned when the "Titanic" went down, is to marry Miss Margaret Andrews, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Andrews, of Newport. The American public is eagerly awaiting an official announcement on the subject.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



DRAWN BY HER MOTHER, THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND: LADY MARJORIE MANNERS.

The wedding of Lady Marjorie Manners, who was born in 1883 and is the eldest of the three daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, was fixed for Aug. 3. The bridegroom is the Marquess of Anglesey. This drawing of the bride gives yet another proof of the artistic tastes and skill of her mother, the Duchess of Rutland.—[Drawing by the Duchess of Rutland.]



THE STAFFORDSHIRE SEAT OF THE MARQUESS OF ANGLESEY, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO LADY MARJORIE MANNERS WAS FIXED FOR AUG. 3: BEAU DESERT, RUGELEY.

It was arranged that the marriage of Charles Henry Alexander Paget, sixth Marquess of Anglesey, and Baronet, to Lady Marjorie Manners should take place on Saturday, Aug. 3. His Lordship, who was born in April 1885, and succeeded in 1905, was educated at Eton and at Sandhurst, and formerly held a commission in the Royal Horse Guards. Last year he was elected Mayor of Burton-on-Trent. Beau Desert came into the possession of the Paget family in 1546.

THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN.

DEER-STALKING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

The "Monarch of the Waste." The letters I have received in the past week or so from friends interested in the Highland deer-stalking season suggest that it will establish a record. Landlords have good reason to be pleased, for in spite of the Insurance Act and the low price of Consols, there is hardly a Highland forest that lacks a tenant. Keepers are pleased, for all the forests seem to carry an exceptionally heavy head of deer; the winter was mild, and open grass grew more rapidly in the spring than it has grown since the spring of 1908, and the "velvet" is expected to be shed from the new antlers a fortnight before the time at which the horn was clear last year. It goes without saying that while the keeper is pleased, he is also displeased, for he is not the man to allow enthusiasm to run away with him. While he rejoices to find the "monarch of the waste" in such fine condition, he inveighs bitterly against the artificial feeding he is compelled to practise in winter time, and vows that in the course of a few years it will lead to a general deterioration of head and haunch. In the old days, when Scottish landowners were poor men, and the deer had to look after themselves, winter thinned out the weaklings. Forest law said that only the fittest should survive. Nowadays every head, good, bad, or indifferent, has its price, and that price a high one, so the winter feeding is called for by the landlords, and the keeper and his henchmen must travel far and work hard when the snow is on the ground to feed the red deer that look for their oil-cake, turnip and hay in severe weather as surely as they look for the grass in spring.

L. S. D. It is easy to be critical, but business is business, and the amount of money brought into the Highlands between the beginning of August and the time when the stags begin to roar and seek the hinds is very large: undoubtedly it stands between hundreds of honest men and the poverty that might drive them to emigrate, to the considerable disadvantage of Scotland. When I see how many of our best workers leave the Old Country year by year to settle in Australasia and Canada, I cannot help thinking that even the artificial conditions potent enough to keep them at home are not to be despised. To be sure, the deer forests do not shelter sheep farmers, as in days of yore, but the most of these men, or their descendants, are enjoying a pleasant and more profitable life across the ocean, and under the flag, while the Highland forests serve to-day to find the money that keeps the less

hospitable parts of Scotland in comparative comfort. Those who have rented shootings, large or small, in Scotland or elsewhere, know that the payment of shooting-rent is but the "open sesame" to other expenses. The house must be staffed, friends must be entertained, money must be spent in all directions, and while a considerable part of the payment to the landlord must needs go in the upkeep of the estate, much of the subsequent outlay goes to benefit the nearest town. It is not only the landlord who must suffer when the existing conditions undergo a change.

Our Only Real Shooting.


Another point in favour of the deer forest is that it supplies the only real sport with the gun to be obtained on these islands. Shooting grouse, black-game, partridges, pheasants, and the rest, is in the great majority of instances a pastime rather than a sport. It is seldom associated with ample exercise, and the greatest skill that it calls for must be exercised by the keeper and his assistants. They look after the birds in the early and critical weeks of their lives, they bring them to the guns, and our modern shooting schools have made it easy for any man with good sight and a well-fitting gun to play his part when the birds come over him. But the deer-stalk stands on a different plane, and though even here the stalker often bears the greater part of the heat and burden of the day, the man he has in charge must work hard and, if he be observant, must needs learn a great deal of woodcraft. Some men learn so much that they become skilled stalkers over all ground with which they are at all familiar, and for these there is well-nigh as much pleasure in the long approach that brings them within rifle-range of their quarry, as there is in the shot which, sometimes, lays that quarry low.

Shoot, but With Discretion.

It may be that the over-production of red deer in the Highlands will bring certain penalties in its train, just as the over-production of grouse has done, but this is kept within certain limits because the forests are very thoroughly shot. What is needed most is discretion in shooting. Many a stag that should be spared comes to grass, and many that should come to grass pass unscathed through the brief season of "heir trouble"; but this is more or less inevitable. Under existing conditions it would be absurd to expect that the rifle is always going to be in the hands of a sportsman who knows and cares for the rules that are best followed in the interests of the forest. Scores of men are up for a few weeks of good sport; they want as much as they can obtain in the time, and to them every head is a head and every haunch a haunch.

- MARK OVER.

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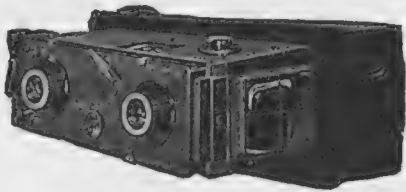
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CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Deauville the Fashionable; Celebrities of Cowes; Scandal in Pierrot-Land; Miss Dolly Dombey; Miss Marie Löhr; Miss Pauline Chase; At the Wannsee; Miss Ellis Jeffreys; Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry; As it is at the British Seaside Resort.

THE VERASCOPE



In the pictures taken with the Verascope Camera every detail and each figure stands out in the same bold relief as in actual life

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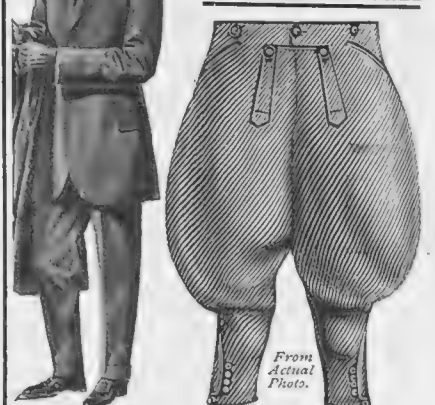
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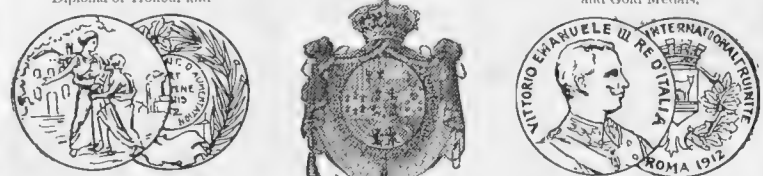
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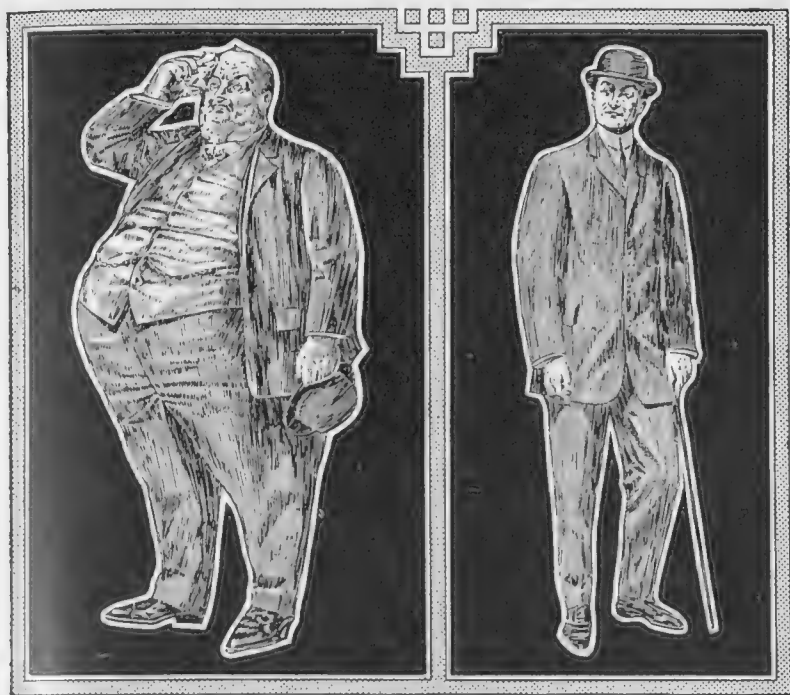
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In an interview accorded upon his return from a long trip, Dr. F. M. Turner, the physician, scientist and traveller, widely known for his scientific researches, and whose writings have brought him international reputation, gave some valuable information to those who were astounded by his loss of more than 100 pounds of excessive fat since they last saw him. They found it difficult, indeed, to recognise in the slender, muscular, and perfectly proportioned form of Dr. Turner to-day the same man who only a few months previously they knew as a semi-invalid, so enormously fat that he could hardly walk.

When questioned concerning his health and the remarkable change in his appearance, Dr. Turner said:

"My discovery came about during my trip, and in this way: When seeking data for some literary work, I found a reference to the manner in which the Japanese were said to easily overcome any tendency to take on superfluous flesh. It was easily apparent from observation that the Japs are comparatively hearty eaters, and that their diet consists largely of rice, the most starchy, and therefore the most fat-forming, of all grains. I had often wondered why, in spite of these facts, the natives of Japan, both men and women, always present such a slender, trim, neat appearance. Although corsets are rare in that country, the women there have beautiful figures that any Englishwoman might well envy, and the Japanese men have strength and powers of endurance that are proverbial. After diligent inquiry about the cause of this, I became more than ever convinced that they were using there in Japan methods of fat-reduction and fat-prevention far in advance of anything known to medical science in this country. As the finding of such a method was a matter of life or death to me at that time I consulted numerous authorities, and set about asking questions of those who would be likely to know anything about it. I am glad to say that my untiring efforts were finally rewarded by the discovery of a new means of fat-reduction that I determined to give a short trial immediately. I was fairly startled to behold the wonderful change it made in my appearance, and the improvement in my health that was noticeable from the very first. My fat began to vanish at the rate of one pound a day, sometimes more. I knew I had at last discovered the secret that had been vainly sought for years, and I continued the treatment until I had lost more than 100 pounds in weight. I became stronger with every pound I lost, and soon regained all my old-time vigour of body and mind. It made me feel 20 years younger to be rid of all the fat that had formed inside and outside of my body. After discontinuing the treatment and keeping a careful record of my weight for more than two months, I was delighted to find that the reduction was

permanent, nor has my fat shown the slightest tendency to return since then."

Dr. Turner then went on to explain the treatment he discovered, and while anyone must admit that it is a highly logical method and undoubtedly effective to a wonderful degree, yet it is so simple that even a child can understand it and obtain most satisfactory results. Surely, in view of all these proven facts, no stout person need any longer feel that he or she must remain fat now. Lack of space prevents a full description of the entire method here, but Dr. Turner has described it in a handsomely bound and extremely interesting little booklet entitled, "How I Reduced My Weight 100 Pounds," and by special arrangement with the Doctor we are able to announce that these valuable booklets, while they last, are to be distributed absolutely free to *Sketch* readers who are sufficiently interested to send two penny stamps for postage and packing.

The books are sent in plain wrapping, and we are told that there are only about 1000 of the last edition left. When these are gone the Doctor may not have any more printed, as he says that extensive business and professional interests will demand all his time from now on, and also he may depart on another long trip at any time, so will probably have no time to give the matter personal attention again for several months at least. He therefore will not promise us to send the books to any readers who do not write him immediately. The Doctor's present address is F.M. Turner, c/o the Dr. Turner Co. (Dept., 734 D) 214, Great Portland Street, London, W., and any requests sent there during the next few days will be given prompt attention. We urgently advise all *Sketch* stout readers to obtain this wonderful book and begin reducing weight immediately, as such a chance as this may never present itself again.

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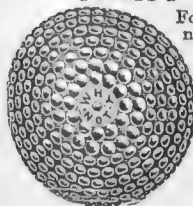
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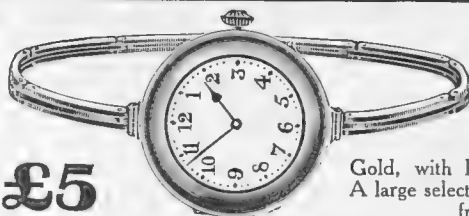
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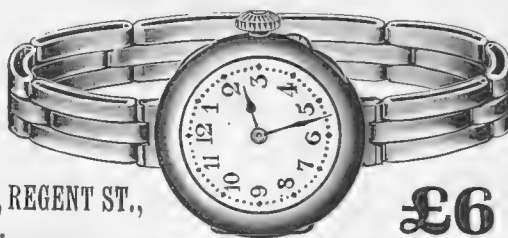
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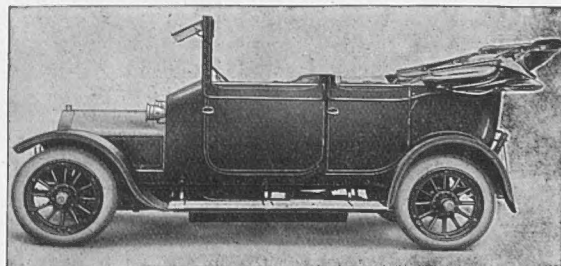
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The subject of practical character-reading is also extensively dealt with, and the author describes a simple method of accurately reading the secret thoughts and desires of others though thousands of miles away. The almost endless stream of letters requesting copies of the book and character delineations indicates clearly the universal interest in Psychological and Occult Sciences.

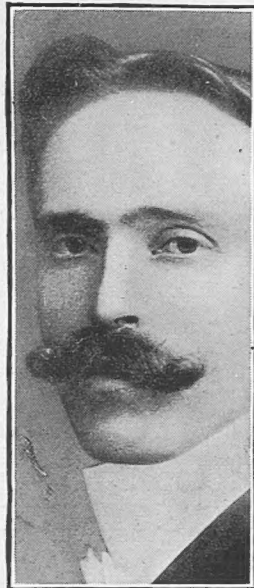
"Rich and poor alike benefit by the teachings of this new system," says Prof. Knowles, "and the person who wishes to achieve greater success has but to apply the simple rules laid down." That many wealthy and prominent people owe their success to the power of Personal Influence there is not the slightest doubt, but the great mass of people have remained in utter ignorance of these phenomena.

The National Institute of Sciences has therefore undertaken the somewhat arduous task of distributing broadcast, without regard to class or creed, the information heretofore possessed by the few. In addition to supplying the books free, each person who writes at once will also receive a character delineation of from 400 to 500 words as prepared by Prof. Knowles.

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Please read my character
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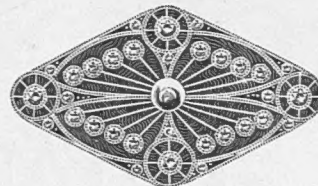
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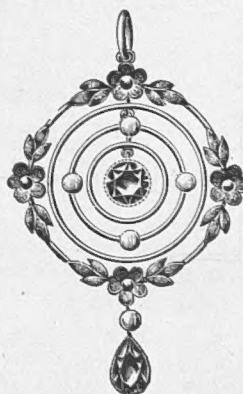
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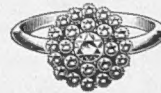
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